JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1930

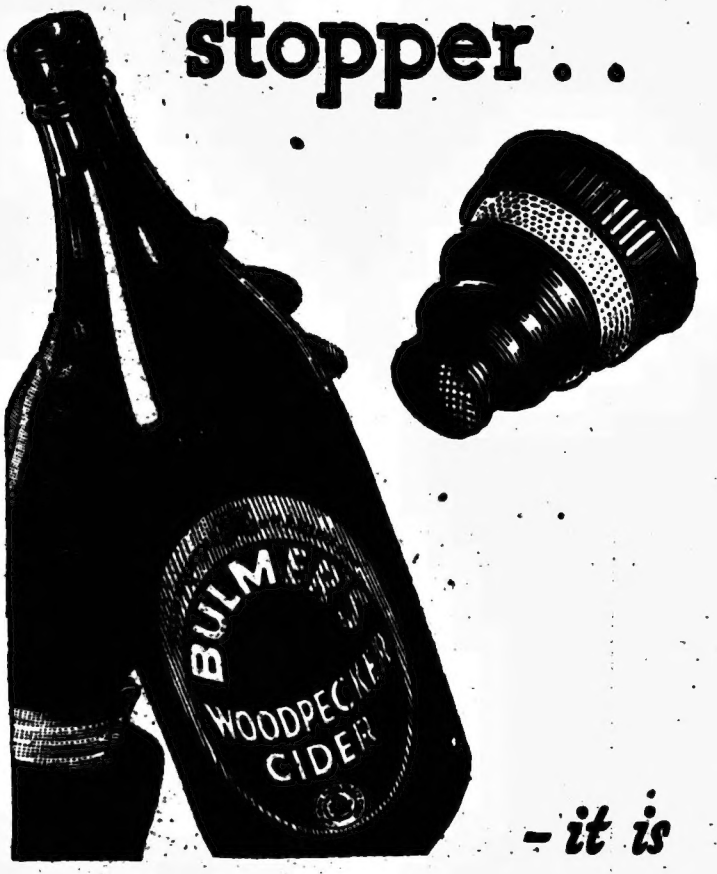
3D EVERY THURSDAY

CITIZEN WOMAN — By The Editor

OUR FOUL WEATHER FRIENDS

FRANCE HOLDS A KEY! — By A.G.G.

Don't lose this stopper . .



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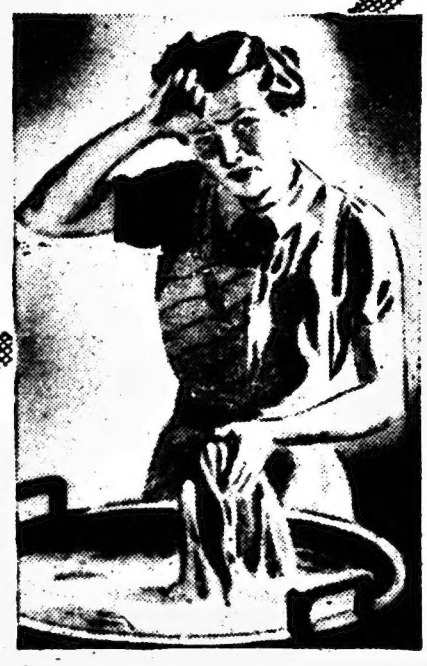

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Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

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3. On page 4, which is the back of the Reference Leaf, write the name and address of the Milk retailer with whom you are *now* registered, that is, your *present* Milk supplier. On page 4 of the Child's (green) Book write in addition the names and addresses of the child's Meat and Egg retailers. Make sure that page 38 has been properly filled in.

* * *

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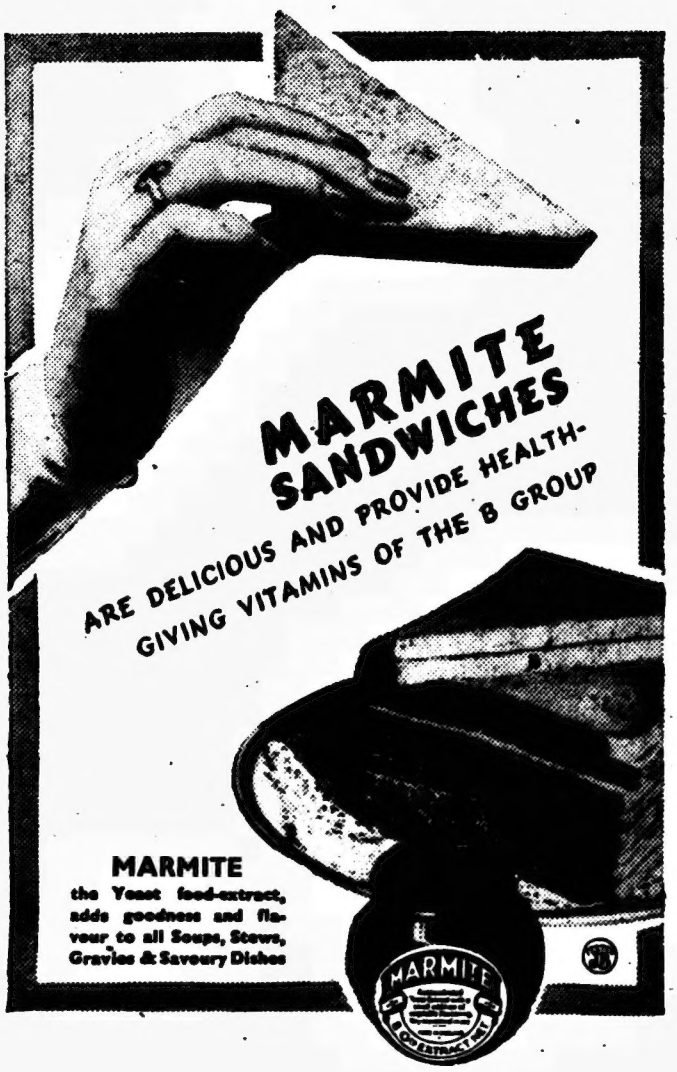
NOTE: When you get your new ration book, don't write in it or take it to the retailer yet.

Be sure your present books are filled in properly—be sure you go on the right day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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 12, 1943, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

PLAIN TALK

● We toss a bouquet at the National Fire Service—at the administrative side of which we have sometimes hurled bricks.

Even the Army, pioneer of Discussion Groups, could learn a lot from those run in connection with the N.F.S.'s new educational scheme.

Some 99 per cent. of the lecturers are ordinary firemen. Many of the subjects—Soviet Russia, the Dominions, Local Government, Voting—would be frowned on elsewhere as likely to produce the wrong kind of plain speaking.

Lecturers have tremendous freedom—may say what they like as long as they make clear they are ventilating private opinions. And the firemen listeners, responding, can blow off steam.

Still better, the "conflabs" are to be in duty hours, are intended to be some relief from the tedium of training and cleaning.

Which is excellent. This war is for a better world. And a better world will include the treatment of men as MEN.

Straight from the Shoulder

BATTLE FOR EUROPE

WHAT should be our chief aim now? To curtail the war. The enemy has revealed his weakness by talking of the need for a quiet year on the defensive. He must be allowed no breathing space.

Every move from now on must be designed to cheat Hitler of the time he so desperately needs.

Real Fight

Yes, the real fight has begun! The battle for the control of Europe has started in earnest.

The first moves in the United Nations' strategic plan have worked out strictly according to the calculations of Downing Street, the Kremlin and the White House. Preparations for the full assault have proved gratifyingly complete.

Keeping Them Guessing

As a result, we are in the happy position of being able to confront the enemy with a multiplicity of problems.

Already he is being hit hard at a number of points in the Mediterranean; but he is vulnerable in many other quarters.

He cannot tell where the next blow or blows may fall. It may be in Norway, Denmark, the Low Countries, or France.

He must be vigilant far away in the Ægean waters; while in the vast Russian Front he has a self-induced nightmare from which he cannot awaken.

Softening the Crust

Meanwhile, he is reeling under ever-increasing blows at home. This, again, is in accordance with the United Nations' Master Plan.

Months ago, after careful study of every Axis move in the years of retreat and withdrawal, it was decided that there must be prodigious use of machines and munitions; but economy in men.

In other words, Hitler's steel crust must be softened before any vast open assaults with land forces.

So Far, So Good

Well, the enemy's growing squeals against bombing show how well this initial part of the programme is proceeding.

The terrific pounding which the mighty air fleets of the democratic nations are now giving Axis strongholds by night and by day will grow in intensity.

But it is folly to look for swift, dramatic or decisive results from these opening stages of the war for Europe.

The Task Ahead

It is true that the Ruhr is now the most devastated area in the world.

But remember that Germany is not dependent upon the resources of this industrial region. These probably represent little more than one-fifth of her total war industries.

The great bulk of her factories are widely dispersed in areas which have yet to hear the whistle of an Allied bomb. But be sure Bomber Command has them on its list!

Face the Truth

But air assault alone cannot smash the enemy.

Some may delude themselves by thinking so. But their illusions are not shared by those who shape the United Nations offensive. Mr. Churchill, remember, merely said there was no harm in trying so long as we did not neglect other methods.

On Enemy Soil

Those other methods will come into play soon enough.

Meanwhile, our bombing helps to do far more than restrict production. Means of communication and all branches of civil administration are being steadily dislocated over a widening region.

The Other Side

What of Axis strategy? We have said that Hitler longs for an extension of time. That is because, clever psychologist that he is, he believes that nothing could now aid his cause so much as the growth of war weariness among the democratic peoples.

Every device the German leaders can employ will be directed to fostering the idea that, however long the war drags on, a stalemate is the only possible conclusion.

Double Game

Side by side with this scheme to bore us is another which aims at the division of the Allies. He knows that he is doomed so long as we stand firmly together, but if he can stir up disputes between any of us he will exploit them for all he is worth.

If he could succeed in driving us apart he knows that we might be compelled to agree to some sort of compromise peace.

French Unity

He must have felt that he had a golden opportunity of fostering disruption by working on existing differences among Frenchmen.

But the African agreement between General de Gaulle and General Giraud has caused his stock to slump.

As A. G. Gardiner points out on another page, the resurrection of a United France, one of the direct fruits of the Tunisian victory, will prove a master key in unlocking the fortress of Europe.

Sea Shocks

Significant also is the setback which Germany has undoubtedly suffered in her U-boat campaign.

Let us never forget that this was the weapon on which Hitler at one time pinned his chief hopes of victory. He confidently hoped to starve us into submission within a year.

Not all the wishful-thinkers are in this island! Instead of starving we rejoice at signs that the U-boats are being steadily mastered. The First Lord's statement in the Commons was, if anything, an understatement of our recent accomplishments.

Full Picture

Yet the U-boat still carries all Hitler's last hopes of inflicting crippling blows upon our war organisation.

It is certain that his best technicians are striving to overcome the new devices which have brought us such success. We may expect new tactics; perhaps a rise in losses again before we eliminate the U-boat for ever.

Hot Air

The enemy's token air raids on this country seem designed more to cheer his own public than anything.

But he is still playing the favourite Nazi game of trying to make our flesh creep. His sinister references to deadly new bombs is just one example.

There is no secret about anything that the *Luftwaffe* has dropped or will drop on our towns. We expected him to try to copy our big "block-busters." He has done that. But no more.

Lagging Behind

Results so far show only one thing. His heavy bombs beat ours only in the amount of noise they make. Their actual destructive capacity is still below that of the bombs which our giant Lancasters take to Germany every night.

You may take it that we shall never lose the lead we have now assumed in the manufacture of all kinds of bombing equipment.

Chances Missed

In other fields we still have to establish a lead—notably in that of propaganda. Still the United Nations lack a central G.H.Q. from which they can speak with one uncertain voice.

They are agreed that plans and resources should be pooled.

But we must do more than share common ideals. We must set about translating them into reality, and this can be done only if the world is kept enlightened.

The Time

No pair of nations, no group of nations, no clique, no single race can plan a detached prosperity. It must be a new world, or the war, with all its sacrifice, will have been waged in vain.

Yes, and now is the time to tell our enemies, too, of the alternative we mean to offer in place of Hitler's airy "New Order." The fourth clause of the Atlantic Charter promised equal prospects of prosperity for victor and vanquished alike!

Uneasy Satellites

And surely this is the moment also when authoritative, tangible assurances of our aims and plans should be made available to the satellites who misguidedly allowed themselves to be drawn into the Axis orbit?

The uneasiness betrayed by Hungary and Rumania especially must be troubling Hitler.

It would trouble him still more if a really determined effort were made by the United Nations to open the eyes of those who once followed him so blindly.

Material There

There are plans going forward, of course; but we feel that they could be better publicised to the world than they have been.

Hot Springs seems far away; remote from the war picture. Yet that conference formed a vital preliminary to the United Nations' efforts to build a new and better world.

Vision Needed

We must revive the faith of all peoples in a worthwhile future. We can only hope to achieve this if we have worthwhile plans and a voice to proclaim those plans for everyone to hear.

Above all, we must think internationally and relegate old ideas of beggar-my-neighbour policies to the scrap-heap.

(Continued overleaf)

"WE HAVE TO TRAIN FOR RAIDS WE MAY GET"—

Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P.,
Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Home Security.

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STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Continued from preceding page

It's Time to "Pay as we Go" —He's Taking His Medicine—Helping Morale

IT'S now more than a month since the Chancellor of the Exchequer, asked to start "pay as you earn" income tax, made this Parliamentary reply:

"The Board of Inland Revenue is now actively engaged in considering changes."

It's a week since he repeated that considerations were still going on among the experts.

All very well. But it's time we had more than guarded promises. We want "pay as you earn" now.

All in Favour

Everyone's in favour of it. In the Commons, the Tories are as keen as the workers' spokesmen; in the country the unions are constantly urging the need for reform.

They know that if nothing is done till after the peak of war time earnings is reached we risk the danger of the bulk of war savings being absorbed in payment of past years' income tax.

Poor Alternative

The Chancellor of the Exchequer will do well to face reality now. He argues that to change over to "pay as you earn" might mean "forgiving" people tax for a period of nine months or a year.

If it does, it's better than having thousands of inevitable defaulters when the war is over.

When wages drop sharply the best-intentioned workers in the world won't be able to meet their debts to the State.

Pay More, Get Less

What about the elderly person who has come out of retirement to help the country in some war job? How can he be expected to go back to his pre-war income and, with his wages suddenly stopped, face arrears of tax?

And what about the new taxpayers including the men in seasonal jobs, who often have to pay most tax when their wages are lowest?

Example to Follow

A compelling argument in favour of "pay as you earn" came the other day from the Merseyside shipbuilding firm of Campbell and Isherwood.

By introducing their own "balanced deduction scheme" and having a special income tax banking account for their employees they have reduced absenteeism by 75 per cent., and saved the country 100,000 production hours.

Across the Atlantic

A week or so ago, JOHN BULL pointed out that we must pay as we go and not pay as we owe. Canada has been able to get its own scheme working. The United States is launching its own pay-as-you-go plan on July 1.

Must Britain be far behind?

That's the Question

And now here is a story of a 39-year-old man who's doing light duties at a Midland airfield.

We'd like the authorities to look into it because an important point is raised in these days of acute man-power shortage.

This is the question: is it economic to keep a man in the Services when he's not fighting fit? Would it not be better to let him go back to civil life, where, with home comforts, he'd be strong enough to work in a war factory?

Regraded

This 39-year-old man tells us that six weeks after he was called up he was regraded from I to III and passed as "fit only for sedentary work."

Later he was able to do normal duties, but one day they included a climb to the top of a rack 15 feet high.

He had one of his usual symptoms—a fit of giddiness.

Broken Bones

When they picked him up from the concrete floor he had four broken bones and concussion. For eight weeks he was in hospital. Soon after he came out he collapsed again.

After that the doctors decided that he should be exused parades, excused P.T., excused work of a strenuous nature.

"And so," the man writes to us," I'm doing little or nothing. Whereas before joining up I was able to manage important war work."

Not So Simple

No doubt the Service doctors are acting according to the regulations in not discharging our correspondent. They can argue that a man who can do a civilian job can do light duties in the Forces.

But is it as simple as that?

Isn't the whole idea to have our fittest men in the Services? To cut hospital treatment to a minimum and allow the people who are "under par" to do their best in "Civvy Street"?

Wrongly Passed?

Often, of course, the Service doctors find themselves with men who should never have been passed by the original medical boards.

These boards are the Ministry of Labour's responsibility, and here's the case of a Leicester reader that they've probably heard about—

Months of Waste

This reader was called up on May 28 last year. On May 29—the very next day—he reported sick. They found he'd got a dislocated spine.

He went from hospital to hospital till last February, when he was discharged as unfit. *Nine months in the Army without doing a scrap of military duty.*

At the Bank

Women in and out of uniform have certainly justified the claim to equality as we stress in our leading article on the next page.

But many men seem to think they can take advantage of girls doing war jobs. There was a typical case in a West End bank the other day. . . .

Trying It On

A man doing big business handed a bundle of notes over to the woman cashier. He named a figure. The woman counted the notes once, twice, a third time. "One short," she said without showing any feeling at all.

Promptly the man took a pound note from his wallet and handed it over. No request for a recount. He knew all right.

Exploited

Questioned when the customer had gone, the cashier explained: "Some of these business men are always trying it on. They think it's a fine chance for a smart deal while girls are carrying on for the men in the Forces."

Other women are being exploited by their employers. Take this case of scandalously low wages. . . .

"Expert" Rates

The wife of a Scots reader goes to work in an Edinburgh factory at 7.45 a.m., carries on without a break till 12 noon, and then again from 1 o'clock till 5.30.

She's a middle-aged woman, an expert machinist helping to produce equipment for the troops. One of her pay packets has been forwarded to us. It recorded a 43½-hour week at 10½d. an hour—£1 15s. 10½d. altogether, with the usual deductions.

Change of Tone

That pay is out of date. So is the habit of many traders of showing special favour to customers on the 'phone. The idea, apparently, is that they'll be the customers worth having after the war.

So it is that a Middlesex woman, told icily at a dry cleaner's: "We can't take suits for another five weeks," received cordial treatment on ringing the same shop ten minutes later on her neighbour's 'phone. "Bring the suits along by all means," they said.

Fishy

Next day this woman was one of a long queue turned away when the local fishmonger put up his shutters for lunch time.

"Is it worth while coming back this afternoon?" someone asked and was told: "I don't know. You can try if you like."

Unfair to Traders

Back at once to the neighbour's 'phone and the Middlesex housewife was warmly thanked for her patronage and assured that two pounds of nice cod would be waiting for her!

This isn't fair to the public. It is least fair to the big body of decent traders who are not believed when they tell of genuine shortages.

Thanks to Mother

Lance-Corporal W. C. Stalley, of the Essex Regiment, had been abroad for nine years without a break when his mother wrote to the War Office about leave.

The War Office answered promptly. Her son was in India but he should come home.

Fine Boost

Now Lance-Corporal Stalley is at his home in Richmond Avenue, Shoeburyness. He got three weeks' special leave.

When he arrived the neighbours turned out with their flags to welcome him.

If that isn't a fine boost to morale we'd like to know what is.

And the latest excellent news is that soldiers with more than six years abroad are to be brought back for home service as shipping permits.

No Privileg

It's also good news that the wives and families of Army officers are *not* being allowed to use the beach of a south-east coast resort barred to residents—an allegation at the local council meeting which we quoted recently.

● In November, 1940, a bomb crashed down in Bromley, Kent, near to a civil defence worker. He was found unconscious under a heap of wreckage.

They got him out and, in course of time, he was granted injury allowances. But when they stopped he made two applications for a pension. Both were refused.

He wrote to JOHN BULL. We fought his case with the Ministry of Pensions. And we won! The man has been granted a 40 per cent. pension, *with arrears from January 17, 1941.*

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **Following Comintern dissolution, Stalin has invited Allies to send representative leading Generals to meet his own Staff chiefs for fuller co-operation and understanding of each other's strategy.**

● *The Balkan cauldron boils again. But this time the fervent diplomatic and underground activity is directed against Hitler.*

● Hungary wants to pull out of the fight. Horthy has informed Hitler that Hungary will follow only Italy's lead, and expects Mussolini's orders.

● **In Rumania, Antonescu is known to share the fears of many Quislings that Germany will lose the war. He is trying to put up young King Michael as prospective leader of a new Rumania.**

● *Dietl, Hitler's military commander in Finland, has appealed to German High Command on behalf of his troops. Men, weary and restless after three years in the icy mountains of the northern outpost of Hitler's Fortress, are clamouring for leave.*

● Seyss-Inquart, Austrian Quisling and Nazi Governor of Holland, has returned to the Reich for a prolonged stay. He wants to persuade Hitler to give him power over the military.

● **Angry demonstrations against North-German evacuees are reported from Vienna. Shopkeepers refuse to sell to all Germans with Northern accent.**

● *Because of our mine-laying, German shipbuilding yards are swamped with repair work. Famous Oder Werke, at Stettin, haven't turned out a single U-boat for six months.*

● Output has also been seriously held up by man-power shortage. Average age of the German workers at the yards is now 55. Foreign workers are plentiful, but show talent for hindering, not helping.

● **Good reason to think Japs have drawn up two separate plans for a negotiated peace for secret presentation immediately Nazi defeat becomes obvious. Plans aim at splitting Britain and U.S.A.**

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

CITIZEN WOMAN

ANOTHER 150,000 girls of nineteen have just been enrolled for war service, and the mobilisation of British womanhood has become almost "total."

Never has "the weaker sex" played a stronger part. The women of this country have "tipped the scale" to victory.

The approaching Allied invasion of Europe would have been impossible without their help.

"It was their willingness to undertake the most tedious jobs, despite all sorts of inconveniences," said Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour, in his broadcast the other night, "that helped us to make good on production and find fighting men to defeat Hitler in the front line."

This tribute is endorsed by world opinion. With the exception of Russia, no other country has been so magnificently supported in its war effort by its women citizens.

There has never been less sex discrimination in the call to service.

Though our citizen women are not compelled to accept combatant duties, thousands of plucky volunteers are in fact at action-stations.

Tens of thousands more have played and are still playing their gallant part in Civil Defence. And many have died in this active service.

Women have accepted conscription as cheerfully as men. Methods of call-up have sometimes been criticised, but there have been far more volunteers than shirkers.

Even though mothers of small children and some other women having domestic responsibilities of equal importance can claim exemption from war service, a great many refuse to do so.

Apart from such necessary exemptions, however, the fit women of this country have either joined the Services or are doing full-time or part-time war work.

THIS is a social change of the first importance. Women won the vote because of their service to the country in the last war.

But *this* time—when they have so utterly eclipsed their grand record of 1914-1918—how are we going to recognise their vital contribution to our salvation?

Nobody disputes the debt we owe to the citizen woman. What JOHN BULL wants to know is how many of us are prepared to pay it—and to pay it in full?

There are immediate as well as long-term obligations. We owe it to our wives, sisters, daughters—yes, and mothers—to see that no woman should be harshly treated or wastefully employed.

When the House next meets Sir Henry Morris-Jones is to ask Mr. Bevin what precautions he is taking to avoid wastage of woman-power in the A.T.S. and the W.A.A.F., in view of the heavy strain on that power in civil life.

This is a timely question because roughly half of our Service women are at present engaged on domestic work, and, indeed, the Government is urging the girls newly called-up to go to the factories rather than the Forces.

But we are not here concerned with the general call-up system or its methods—except to stress the importance of treating every individual case with common-sense and careful sympathy.

We think that, broadly speaking, this is being done.

So far, so good. The crucial question remains: Do we intend, after demanding equal service from our womenfolk, to reward that generous and willing service with equal pay and equal opportunity?

Let us recall our persistent and finally successful campaign for equal compensation for men and women in regard to war injuries.

Mrs. Tate pressed this campaign in the House, and her efforts were supported by the principal women's organisations.

Logic and justice were so utterly on her side that the only wonder is equality was so long delayed.

It was granted last April, when Sir Walter Womersley, Minister of Pensions, announced in the Commons that the rates of injury allowance and disablement pensions would thenceforth apply equally to all citizens, whether men or women, and whether or not they were "gainfully employed."

This was a big and, in a sense, epoch-making concession. But there was a string to this belated measure of plain justice. Here it is:

"As the Personal Injuries (Civilians) Scheme applies only to injuries associated with the war, there is an essential difference between it and any permanent scheme of compensation.

"This being so, the Government has decided that rates of compensation need not be related to earnings or to any other factor involving sex discrimination."

In other words, the Government is *not* prepared to accept the principle of full sex equality after the war. It still expects compensation and pension to be "*related to earnings*," and, therefore, it must assume that a woman's work will continue to be rated at less worth than a man's.

What do our readers and the general public think about this? JOHN BULL takes its stand with the T.U.C. and all progressive thinkers like the newly honoured Dame Anne Loughlin upon the principle of "the rate for the job."

We maintain that there never was any justification for paying any woman less than a man for equal work. More than that, we are certain that nothing short of equality will prevent the workers from being exploited after victory is won.

Many working men do not realise this. They are foolish enough to resent the equality of payment to both sexes which is now so general in the ranks of organised labour.

Women have proved their title to equal citizenship. Those who are free from home ties and choose to compete with men when peace comes must be free to do so on level terms.

It is useless to try to keep women *out* of industry. They are full citizens of this community and have earned the right to choose their own careers.

If we want most of them to choose the career of motherhood and home-making, we shall have to make that career sufficient in itself for their legitimate ambitions.

And this will mean: (1) Generous family allowances; (2) an ample provision of nursery schools; and (3) a more honest recognition of the married woman's right to a share in her husband's earnings, or to an equitable division of "partnership profits."

ANOTHER urgent problem crops up here. Just as men hold and must retain priority in the heavy industries, so women are indispensable to nursing, domestic service and some other specialised callings.

Hitherto, all this definitely "woman's work" has been ill-paid. Hence, in large part, the acute shortage of nurses to-day and the threatened shortage of domestic servants after the war is over.

"There are," says Mr. Bevin, "great possibilities for women in nursing—industrial, hospital and domestic—and we are anxious in this Ministry to make the nursing profession well-paid and well-organised, and to develop the opportunities in it and in domestic service for women."

We agree. But we also agree with Lord Horder, who says: "Do it now; don't wait for post-war days."

Bevin, we understand, is preparing a charter for domestic servants which will give them freedom, independence and self-respect. And the hospitals are being forced by events to accord nurses the honourable status they have so long deserved.

These are hopeful and encouraging signs of the times. But we shall not solve the woman problem, nor fairly pay our debt to our women comrades, until we secure for all of them the full economic and civic equality which they have so richly earned.

Hitler Threatens New Purges

CRACKS have appeared in the morale of the Nazi Party.

The Party leaders have made this clear with their threat of a purge of the rank-and-file.

★ ★ ★

Indeed, Austrian-born S.S.-Leader Kaltenbrunner — successor to "Butcher" Heydrich—speaks of expelling all whose attitude does not show their belief in Germany's final victory is unshakable.

This is the first tacit official admission that pessimism is spreading into the core of the Nazi régime itself. One cannot exaggerate the importance of that fact.

If there is defeatism there—how much more must there be among the people of Germany who never threw in their lot with the National Socialist Party, but must always be the backbone of Hitler's war effort?

In other words, if Party members falter, what doubts—and perhaps worse than doubts—must have seized the people who have rejected all the personal, social and material advantages that go with membership of the Party?

There still remains a Nazi core which may not yet be infected with defeatism—there is no evidence yet that it has been. That is, the S.S., the picked bodyguard of the régime.

But an S.S. that has not only to treat the masses as potential traitors, but also keep a suspicious and vigilant eye on Hitler's "parteigenossen" (Party comrades) cannot remain immune itself for very long against the bacillus.

And so the threat of new purges. Nazis know what it means—dread the sound of the word. They remember that Hitler did not hesitate to have his staunchest friends and supporters murdered in the purge of June, 1934.

* * *

With disaster looming, how much worse he might do to-day against the down-hearted, the unreliable, even the lukewarm.

Already there are foretastes.

Because Nazism must rely on the blind, unquestioning obedience of Youth, there have been ruthless executions of boys and girls—university students—who did but distribute leaflets asking: "Whither Germany?"

The question was asked in a very naïve and confused way. It voiced the fear that Hitler's régime and ideology might end with unprecedented national disaster.

Anyone could express such fears of any régime in this country without fear of the consequences.

★ ★ ★

"Isolated cases of young but dangerous cranks" is how the Nazis try to dismiss it lightly.

But the drive against students grows, particularly in Southern Germany: mainly, Munich.

A check-up on the political reliability of all students throughout Germany has been ordered—and those who cannot survive the most stringent tests of trustworthiness must give up their studies.

The import of the news is more revealing than the news itself.

The Nazis have at last admitted that war-weariness and despair are eating at the hearts of many of the young people of Germany on whom the régime must depend—or crash.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

OPEN LETTERS

LORD HORDER, President, Food Education Society

MY LORD,—Britain's food, as war-time food goes, is good. There is in this country, alone of the European countries, good, cheap, unrationed bread. There is abundance of milk. Crops are splendid.

Like many others, I am conscious of these blessings and I heartily agree with you when you say that history will record that much of our victory was won on the food front.

Hard work and plain food seem good for the nation. We are healthier than we were in the days when we could stuff ourselves with half-pound steaks, big, luscious chops, and plaster butter half an inch thick on our bread.

Of necessity we have become food conscious. To-day we eat to live. Fickle appetite is dethroned. We must like or lump what is on our plates.

But in any case we should thank the seamen and the farmers who have saved us not only from hunger but from starvation.

I wonder if the lessons we have learned on the food front will be remembered when rationing is only a bad dream? Valuable dietary knowledge has been gained by the medical profession in the past few years.

That knowledge, turned to proper account, can help to keep us a healthy nation when we wallow in plenty again.

Intelligent planning, and advice by experts in nutritional values, must continue to play their part in keeping us fit to appreciate the joys of peace just as they enabled us to win that peace.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HENRY YOUNGMAN, Chairman, National Federation of Friers

DEAR SIR,—Once upon a time fish-and-chip shops were regarded as smelly symbols of a working-class determination to eat cheaply and without much trouble.

Many a joke was cracked in the music-halls about "a tuppenny one and a penn'orth." Many a petition was made by lower middle-class people against the opening in their midst of one of these "offensive" shops.

The war has changed all that. Thousands of people who once thought fish and chips the lowest and most vulgar form of feeding are only too glad now to get (when they can) that succulent and essentially British meal.

Your post-war aim is that people must be able to walk into fish-frying shops and maintain their dignity.

I confess that I have never associated fish and chips with dignity.

But there's no reason why a visit to a fish shop should not be as socially correct as any other form of shopping. —JOHN BULL.

Supt. W. COLLINS, New Scotland Yard

DEAR SUPER,—The special task assigned you of leading a new intensive drive against petrol wasters is no easy one.

The ways of the petrol squanderers are dark and devious, and the job of bringing them to book will tax all your skill.

Nothing so angers those who are pulling their weight as the sight of men and women joy-riding.

Such offenders are, happily, few, but their selfish determination to evade the fuel regulations makes them doubly difficult to catch.

When you throw your net around race meetings, dog tracks, pubs, clubs and cinemas, I hope it will be effective.

So effective that you will land as good—or bad—a catch as will deter others from wasting so shamefully the petrol brought to these shores at the cost of so much suffering and sacrifice by our seamen. I wish you good fishing!—JOHN BULL.

Alderman O. D. PHILLIPS, J.P., Chairman, The Ipswich Bench

DEAR ALDERMAN,—William Michael Kavanagh's job was to drive a gang of labourers 26 miles to a Government site in the morning and back again in the evening. Because that took him only two hours a day he did some other work.

That angered the National Service officers who had refused the man's application to take other work.

And so it was your duty as a magistrate to fine Kavanagh £1 for leaving his employment without permission. Imposing the fine you told the offender that the Bench had a good deal of sympathy for him.

I, in turn, have sympathy for you, and for all other magistrates who are compelled by law to recognise the stupidities of this bureaucracy-ridden land of ours.

Let a man idle away his time rather than deviate one fraction of an inch from the red-taped roads of official procedure! Keep common-sense at arm's length! Treat two hours' bus driving a day as a vital job! And, above all, yield not a tittle of that authority which the powers have invested in you!

That seems the attitude of some of the officials running the National Service effort. Perhaps, one day, magistrates, by refusing to convict men like Kavanagh, will bring the matter to a head and compel the bureaucrats to yield to the dictates of reason.—JOHN BULL.

They'll Whistle in Vain

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

WE were discussing that ever-fruitful topic of conversation—post-war plans and post-war ambitions.

"I'm looking forward to a real holiday," said one man. "I haven't had one since 1939 and I feel that I've earned one."

"What do you mean by a *real* holiday?" I asked.

"Well, a cottage for a month in a Cornish village. You know the sort of thing—a beach, a pub, a golf-course, a car, and a maid to do a spot of work and look after the kid."

It sounds ideal. But I wonder if my friend is going to find a maid so easily as he imagines.

He is probably one of many people who think that maids are going to be ten-a-penny after the war; that the former exploitation of domestic labour will come back in all its shameful vigour when the country begins to get back into its peace time stride.

I don't share that view. I believe that the problem of domestic service is going to be only one phase of the greater problem of our women workers.

★ ★ ★

Most women will have to give up their jobs when the men come back from the fighting fronts. Many of them will do so gratefully, willingly. They will be only too glad to run a home and raise a family after toiling for years in factory or workshop.

But there will be the minority to whom a new-found life of economic independence appeals.

These are the women who will not tolerate the idea of domestic labour *on the old terms.* They have become used to certain hours, certain working conditions, and certain privileges.

The very thought of returning to the existence of an unprotected "slave" of an intolerant mistress shocks them.

A Charter for Domestic Service is needed. Hours, conditions of employment, wages and leisure must be laid down, not casually, but stringently.

Mean, intolerant women should be black-listed and debarred from employing servants.

★ ★ ★

Wages, if necessary, could be graded, in much the same way that pay in certain industries is graded to-day.

Holidays with pay away from the household should be insisted on. Provision could be made for overtime, with overtime the prerogative of the servant, not the employer.

These things can be done. If they are not, many people, including my friend, will whistle in vain for maids to "look after kids" and "do spots of cooking" when peace comes.

Dr. CYRIL GARBETT, Archbishop of York

YOUR GRACE,—Your appeal to Christians to call on the State for the best education for all children, irrespective of the financial or social position of their parents, is one which I have championed consistently for years.

Educational barriers are out of date. **Not only are they anti-social,** but they **keep alive so many of** the class privileges **which have created** so much bitterness **in the past.**

Some people regard education as the panacea for all the evils that beset the world to-day.

I don't. But I feel that if education were allied to the broad humanities, and youth were taught the creed of service, not self, we might make real progress towards a brighter, cleaner, saner civilisation.

The Church Militant can help in bringing about these much-needed education reforms. With determined men like you in the vanguard, the ramparts of reaction will eventually bend and break.—JOHN BULL.

The CITIZENS OF FRANCE

MESSIEURS,—For three years you have been trampled, humiliated, persecuted by the Nazis. For three years you have borne the miseries of a shameful betrayal. For three years you have suffered—and hoped.

Three years ago such hope seemed an impossible dream. To-day you know that the dream will, sooner or later, become reality.

De Gaulle and Giraud are achieving **unity in Algiers; the Alexandria fleet has come over to the Allies; and the tocsin of Freedom is ringing a death-knell to German oppression.**

The worst Nazi tyranny has failed to quench the flame of rebellion which burns in the heart of every true Frenchman.

That flame is growing in intensity. Smouldering now, it will leap into open, burning hatred when France's new day of glory arrives.

Liberation is on the way. Bear your misfortunes a little longer, my friends, and soon we'll be pledging anew in Paris the bonds which unite you with—JOHN BULL.

★ *Just a neutr*
Nazis have fail
her attitude

THERE'S only one break
battle-front which
Leningrad.
That break is—Turkey
So can you wonder
Allied and Axis countries
will do IF . . . ?
The Germans and Italia
fearfully.
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Sedulously they followed t
—Britain.
They needed technicians.
come we made her technical
She developed industries.

★ Just a neutral—that's what we are apt to think of the Turkey which the Nazis have failed so dismally to bribe, bully or woo. Yet Allied leaders regard her attitude as "just right," and this article helps you to understand why

Turkey—Friend in Foul Weather

By PAUL MILLER

THERE'S only one break in our 4,000 miles land-sea battle-front which sweeps from Algiers to Leningrad.

That break is—Turkey!

So can you wonder at the speculation in both Allied and Axis countries regarding what the Turks will do IF . . . ?

The Germans and Italians speculate nervously, almost fearfully.

But we—we have confidence in Turkey. We know her—we have known her throughout the years of neutrality—as the most loyal and trustworthy of friends, whose attitude throughout this war has been just right.

They loved London, these girls who came over to study us as so many go-ahead young Turks are doing. And London, perhaps a little surprised that they had given up Eastern dress, loved them

British Materials

The country that wants to be like Britain—that's Turkey.

Her troops march in British boots, carry British rifles. Her airmen fly British war 'planes. Her panzers crush forward on British tanks.

Her navy consists either of British-made ships or—if they are of fairly recent Turkish construction—ships which were designed by Turkish naval architects who studied in British yards.

Some of the warships we have built for her were on our stocks when we entered the war. We kept faith with her. We sailed those ships to Turkey when Mussolini was boasting that he had us bottled in two corners of the Mediterranean.

Turkey's faith in us prompted her to place those orders, and our trust in Turkey inspired us to honour the contract even when the glib Nazis were seeking to woo her into an alliance against us.

Turkey never forgot the treaty that makes her an ally of ours.

There was a time when, particularly after Dunkirk, the Axis thought she would throw over that treaty.

It was then that her Foreign Minister, now Premier Sarajoglou, said proudly: "We are Britain's foul weather friends."

It would have been easier for Hitler to invade Turkey then. It remains one of the mysteries of the war why he did not.

She has always been poor in raw materials and population—as poor as she is proud and determined to be independent.

She had been promised all sorts of arms from France—and France had fallen.

But the bully can sometimes be put off by the determined gleam in a man's eye.

Perhaps something of that instinct made Hitler afraid to invade Turkey as he was afraid to invade Britain.

Hitler just raved about countries that refused to be his tool. And, the chance gone, sent Von Papen there a-wooing.

But, like the usual unsuccessful wooer, Von Papen never had a chance.

Turkey didn't want his free news services. Or the mountains of free (propaganda) magazines. Or free films. Or the cars, cameras, wireless sets and other luxuries which the Germans are willing to shower on toadies—particularly in exchange for war supplies.

Turkey knew you couldn't do honest business that way.

Germany could make her voice heard in Turkey, yes—but the Allies had an equal voice.

Turkey had her own ideas about what sort of business she wanted to do.

We had built docks and harbours for her. Improved her wharves. Supplied locomotives, power cables and so much more that even a poor nation needs in the cause of progress.

Cash wasn't our main objective. Nor getting the best of a deal. We helped as an ally. And it was to our advantage that an ally we could trust so implicitly should have ever-mounting power.

Followed Britain

Sedulously they followed their model—Britain.

They needed technicians. How welcome we made her technical students.

She developed industries. Our non-secret processes were open for her examination.

She never abused that trust—as did the Japs whom we gave liberty to roam around.

She was, indeed, just as anxious to model herself on us in spending money as making it.

She instituted free education—provided such a ladder to the university for children of promise, irrespective of means, that perhaps after the war we ought to start learning a little from her.

Steps Ahead

She learned from our social services—far from perfect though they still are.

Her politicians and newspapers are already keeping a keen eye on Beveridge.

In Westernising herself on our lines she wasn't afraid to take a step or two ahead of us.

For instance, in Turkey you can be brought into the world by a woman doctor, educated by a woman lecturer, and, seeking higher litigation, tried by a woman judge.

They still consider themselves as working towards the ideal at which ability alone matters—and sex not at all. Yet, raw novices though they are, they are leading us in some respects.

Life became hard for the Turks when they refused to desert us after Dunkirk.

Bribery and cajolery failing, Germany tried infiltration. Her "tourists" poured in.

They tried to lie and bluster the Turks out of friendship for us. It was of no avail.

And so the "tourists" went home again, some to die in Russia.

Turkey has had to think long and think hard.

Just as we tried to avoid the petty squabbles of Europe, she has sought to evade the little Balkan entanglements that might lead to war.

Hate never came easy to her. Her last-war troops went home talking affectionately of their noble enemy, Tommy Atkins—just as our troops came home speaking of Johnny Turk as if he were the exemplification of everything brave and decent instead of a recent enemy.

The Turks and Greeks fought—but became as firm friends as the British and Boers

Good that the world isn't made up of smouldering, hating, resentful people like the Germans.

Turkey wanted friendships. She looked in all directions for them. And particularly did she look towards Britain.

For she, like us, has had wars galore—and it hadn't left her regarding herself as a master-race.

Wars of conquest? They were something belonging to a bad and ignorant past.

Great Resources

Why, there was a day when her possessions spread from the Dardanelles to Tripoli. Much of her territory had been lost to the greed of Fascist Italy.

But she wasn't weeping over lost lands when Ataturk had shown her that she had great resources in her hands—if only she could utilise them.

And so she sought to improve herself on the British model. Perhaps, one day, she would be able to make full use of her vast 3,000 ft. high tableland, which, properly watered and developed, will provide home and living for millions!

She could have been making a start on it now—if it hadn't been for the war. If the Nazi threat to Europe hadn't put such a tremendous strain on her man-power.

Because for years she has had to keep a million men under arms—not easy for a nation of 18,000,000 people.

Nor could she undertake the vast improvements necessary to her roads—her greatest weakness, as a Germany which has studied other countries under the microscope for years knows quite well.

At least, at the moment, her road shortage represents an asset for the defender, a tremendous handicap for the invader—and particularly for an invader so dependent on the most fluid mobility.

She has had some commodities to sell—like chrome and farm products dried fruits and the fine Turkish tobaccos

All for sale or exchange, however—on proper terms, on a regular commercial basis.

That's another thing the Germans don't expect from little countries that are small and poor, and who should know the value of respect

They want certain essentials from Turkey—but they want to exchange them for such things as aspirin tablets, handbags and cheap cameras. And those dastardly British are ready to pay in cash and solid, much-wanted commodities.

More people. More food. A better standard of living. Such things she aims at. And such things she is determined to achieve.

Not by boss-race tactics.

They have the tolerance of the British. There is no discrimination there between races and religions. And, like us, they know how to laugh at their misfortunes and start all over again.

We can be proud that we, in so many respects, are like them.

CHINA'S WINGS FOR VICTORY

MOTORLESS 'planes are winging their way to all the corners of free China from Chungking

Money has been raised to build some 650 gliders for the training of pilots; Chungking alone is contributing 300 craft.

★ ★ ★

Students and other youths are being trained in the art of powerless flying A huge parachute jumping-tower, nearly 120 ft. high, has been erected and is attracting thousands of people—both young and old—from the neighbouring town to watch with awe the lads floating down to earth.

Near the city of Lanchow another airfield is under construction. Indeed, gliders are soaring over eight provinces in all.

Gliding is becoming a national pastime in free China—and will no doubt remain so long after Japan has been defeated.

Special instructors are being trained; factories specially built to produce gliders of "ersatz" materials. For many of the materials required are not found in China, and certainly cannot be imported under present conditions.

So the abundant intelligence of Chinese scientists is being put to good use to produce synthetic substances

★ ★ ★

So, too, lack of aeroplanes does not beat the new China. She is making plentiful and good use of what lies to hand.

And thus will she gather strength, with the ultimate support of the entire Allied power, to defeat the enemy who for so long has bestraddled some of her richest provinces.

France Holds a Key

Carefully weighing all the factors now combining to make Axis defeat inevitable, A.G.G. sees special significance in the resurrection of France . . .

By A. G. GARDINER

THURSDAY next is a date that is burned deep in our memories. On that day three years ago France was betrayed to the enemy and deserted the field.

We were left alone and practically disarmed to face the threat of instant invasion by a foe who already had Europe at his feet and whose might seemed irresistible.

To the world looking on, we were doomed. "The war in 'the West' is over," said Hitler, and he summoned his photographers to immortalise the *pas seul* he danced before his admiring staff, to celebrate his triumphs.

And in far off Berlin the fanfares were blown and the triumphal arches were erected to welcome back the victorious troops.

We can recall that dark hour to-day with far different emotions from those with which Hitler recalls it. We can recall, too, against Hitler's boast, the brief, brave words that Mr. Churchill broadcast to us that night:—

> "This painful news makes no difference to British faith and purpose. . . We shall fight on, unconquerable until the curse of Hitler is removed from the brows of men."

* * *

They were bold words in such desperate circumstances, but their fulfilment is no longer in doubt. And of all the assurances of this, few are more gratifying than the resurrection of France.

That resurrection has been slow in coming, but no one familiar with the spirit of France doubted that, given time, it would come.

Thanks to the traitors and cowards of Vichy who betrayed her, Hitler conquered the body of France, but he could not conquer her soul. That has always been true to itself and to us.

AND NOT THE LEAST OF THE FRUITS OF THE VICTORY IN TUNISIA IS THAT IT HAS BROUGHT FRANCE BACK INTO THE FIGHTING LINE. VICHY HAS SUFFERED A MORTAL BLOW.

The seat of authority is no longer there, but in the provisional Government in Algiers and in the army that is being mobilised there for the deliverance of France. All that is militant in the French nation has now a focus of activity.

How completely Hitler's hopes from the conquest of France have been destroyed is illustrated by the case of the French Navy. With the ultimate possession of that Navy he expected to drive us out of the Mediterranean, but not so much as a jolly-boat has fallen into his hands.

Much of the Fleet lies scuttled in Toulon harbour. The *Richelieu* is under repair for us in America. Many of the naval craft have been incorporated in our service ever since the fall of France.

With the decision of the French admiral at Alexandria to repudiate Vichy and acknowledge Algiers as the seat of French government, practically the whole French Navy is now accounted for to our advantage.

Germany's frantic efforts to make Europe impregnable are vain. Hitler's vast fortress rests in a volcano of rebellion

* * *

But it is in France itself that the effect of events in Africa will be most decisive. The purpose of Hitler and his infamous French tools has been to prevent the emergence of any leadership round which the nation could rally and recover its feet.

There was to be no Gambetta to rouse and revivify the nation as was the case in '70-'71. Every distinguished Frenchman, military or political, who could not be relied on to play the traitor, was put under lock and key.

The Press, the police, the local administration were all put under the dominion of the Gestapo. Public opinion was driven underground, and all organised movement hostile to the traitors was suppressed.

The tyranny exercised over France has been less savage than that meted out to countries like Poland or Yugoslavia.

It has been less savage because it has been modified by the desire to inveigle the French nation into voluntary slavery to the master-race.

But if France has been spared the fiendish horrors of Lidice, she has lost thousands of her picked citizens—picked for the firing squad or the concentration camp, not because they were "Communists," but because they were patriots with the qualities of local leadership.

NOW, AFTER THREE YEARS OF HELLISH TORMENT, THE RESURRECTION OF FRANCE HAS BEGUN. SHE HAS A GOVERNMENT. SHE HAS AN ARMY. SHE HAS A GOAL.

She takes her place once more by our side and by the side of the mighty Allies who have thrown in their lot with us since that dark June day of 1940.

There will be no more betrayals. France is with us till the goal is reached and General Giraud and General Eisenhower can wear their decorations in emancipated Metz.

And they will wear them farther. They will wear them when they march with us in triumph down Unter den Linden.

* * *

That day is brought nearer by the resurrection of France. It means that henceforth France will be, not an asset, but a liability, to Hitler's fortress.

So far from "the war in the West" being over in June, 1940, the war even in conquered France itself will begin again in June, 1943.

It will begin again with the release of all the pent-up passion which the long agony of these years has bred in a proud and brave people.

The reawakening of France—which, like the groggy condition of Italy, is the direct outcome of the victory in Tunisia—is only one of many reasons for the note of defeatism that is now apparent in German propaganda.

It takes various forms—most of them as impudent and lying as Goebbels alone knows how to make them.

There are appeals to the Vatican to intervene to "stop this bombing."

There is a campaign launched by the Nazi Press and radio, the purpose of which is to suggest that we started the bombing and ought in the interests of civilisation to stop such wickedness!

Shades of Warsaw, Rotterdam, Coventry, London! Was there ever such brazen effrontery? And from the Nazi Press of Spain (with its memories of Guernica) comes the same note of nauseous squealing.

Then another phase of the alarm is the constant harping on the impregnability of the German fortress and the advantage of fighting on.

RUSSIA HITS A

"SDALJUS, TOWARISCH, NE STRELAJTE!"

German officers in Russia are ready to shoot any man who whispers those Russian words.

They mean: "I am giving myself up, comrade, don't shoot!"

* * *

German soldiers have learned them from the millions of leaflets which Russia's propaganda commandos shower over German lines.

This propaganda—clever, cunning, but honest—is having a big effect on the minds of Nazi troops.

The most frequently dropped leaflet—it has been found on thousands of Germans taken prisoner in Russia—contains the "Ten Commandments which every German soldier must know."

"Remember," says the leaflet, "that Stalin has guaranteed the life and security of every German soldier who gives himself up."

Photographs of happy German prisoners in Ru printed as proc tions.

"Only those Hitler, with ar will be annihila

German soldi advice on how Russian attack.

But there are In words an truth is brou Germans.

"Allied bomb man cities was subject in many

Letters from soldiers are rep and thus made audience.

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"There are workers in Ger another propa "They are tal your shop, fact home."

Letters from

ENEMY MIN

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The defensive in a w and Czechs and Greeks sheviks and Anglo-Amer crats have thrust upon in Germany!

This is for home con up the legend that it w especially treacherous J that "started it."

* *

But through all this to runs the note of fear. It of the enemy without, nov lessly upon the fortress.

It is fear of the enemy itself—even within the G fortress.

While Germany tra over Europe from end to the Gestapo firing squads

But with the shadow the sky from the Volga and and the English Channel, becomes a terrifying fact.

It was the breakaway last war that first showe Berlin. And Bulgaria is So is Hungary.

So are a dozen other from Italy to Norway an Czechoslovakia and Greec with revolt and subterra for the Day.

AND NOW INTO MABLE SCENE COME TION OF A RESURR HOLDING A KEY PO FORTRESS AND BRIN THE WRATH OF A M WHO HAVE BEEN TREACHERY WITHIN, THE HOPE AND T DELIVERANCE AT HA

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Pictures proof.

Thousand have been s tion squads session of o

Hitler hi man army men. The time to stu find their prison camp

Key

The defensive in a war which the Poles and Czechs and Greeks and Russian Bolsheviks and Anglo-American-Jewish plutocrats have thrust upon innocent peace-loving Germany!

This is for home consumption—to build up the legend that it was the enemy, and especially treacherous Jew-ridden Britain, that "started it."

* * *

But through all this torrent of mendacity runs the note of fear. It is not merely fear of the enemy without, now closing in relentlessly upon the fortress.

It is fear of the enemy within the fortress itself—even within the German keep of the fortress.

While Germany trampled victoriously over Europe from end to end, it was easy for the Gestapo firing squads to rule by terror.

But with the shadow of defeat darkening the sky from the Volga and the Mediterranean and the English Channel, the enemy within becomes a terrifying fact.

It was the breakaway of Bulgaria in the last war that first showed the red light to Berlin. And Bulgaria is once more restive. So is Hungary.

So are a dozen other satellite countries, from Italy to Norway and from Holland to Czechoslovakia and Greece. All are seething with revolt and subterranean preparations for the Day.

AND NOW INTO THIS INFLAMMABLE SCENE COMES THE APPARITION OF A RESURRECTED FRANCE, HOLDING A KEY POSITION OF THE FORTRESS AND BRINGING WITH HER THE WRATH OF A MIGHTY PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN STUNNED BY TREACHERY WITHIN, BUT NOW SEE THE HOPE AND THE MEANS OF DELIVERANCE AT HAND.

No fortress is impregnable when the garrison is in rebellion. And Hitler's fortress rests on a volcano of rebellion.

AT ENEMY MINDS

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their conquests among German women are quoted.

The duped German soldiers are reminded of Hitler's outcry: "I am prepared to sacrifice a whole generation of Germany's youth. I shall take the responsibility if two or three million men have to die!"

* * *

And accurate statistics convince them that Hitler's threat—or boast—was not idle: "Listen, Germans!" explains another leaflet. "Without hesitation Hitler has already sacrificed 4,000,000 men on the Eastern Front!"

Pictures of graves are given as proof.

Thousands of German soldiers have been shot—by their own execution squads—for being found in possession of one of these leaflets.

Hitler himself deprives the German army of these sorely needed men. Those, however, who have time to study Russia's leaflets soon find their way into Russia's safe prison camps.

★ *The well-known criminologist, repatriated after nearly three years in various Italian concentration camps, tells vividly of his impressions.*

I WAS MUSSOLINI'S PRISONER

By ASHTON WOLFE

THE civilian prisoner in enemy hands gets all the kicks and none of the kudos. I know—because I've just managed to wriggle free.

On the evening that Mussolini turned on the tap of his hot-air container and made a noise like a declaration of war, two unshaven Neapolitans called at my flat and invited me to visit their chief. Evidently he lodged at the local jail, for that's where they led me.

Took Everything

They took all I had, including my fingerprints, and then told me I was under arrest. I said I'd guessed as much, but was glad to have it confirmed officially.

I was then stripped to my shirt and trousers and pushed into an underground hole where the air smelled of double-distilled Sicilian and the light would not have fogged an amateur's film.

Once a day a flap in the door opened to admit a face, and a loaf of bread dropped on the ground. The first time the rats got it, but after that I caught it in mid-air.

At twelve, a rusty tin of shaving water was passed through. When I complained that I had no razor I was told it was soup, so I realised that the grey, slimy stuff at the bottom was not soap.

The first few days I wondered when I should at last get something to eat, but after a time I thought of Gandhi and took heart.

I was in that vile-smelling hole for a month. Then one afternoon I was taken to the chief's room.

The first phase was over.

All civilian prisoners went through three phases—first the jail, then the concentration camp—and finally, if no blackshirt had a grudge against them — some mountain village right off the map, so dirty that charcoal would have made a white mark on it. You catered for yourself on one and tuppence a day.

Terrible Torture

The third phase was heaven, however, compared with the other two.

In the concentration camps I met poor devils who'd been at Dachau, in Germany, and I realised how lucky I'd been. One of the Nazis' tricks was to make a prisoner learn to sit up by fixing a bayonet point front and back, and one each side. He was then ordered to look at an electric 40-watt bulb and not to stop looking. If he turned his head he got a jab in his face—the point only; if he tried to shut his eyes they threatened to slice off his eyelids. He just had to fix an unwinking stare on the lamp day and night—until, as generally happened, he flung himself forward on the bayonet's point. One German, I was told, had made statistics of how they did it. According to him 80 per cent. threw themselves forward. Mostly, after 24 hours, they became blind.

I'll be fair—the Italians never stooped to such fiendish torture.

But the food in their camps was vile. Italians never give prisoners any warm drink. Neither coffee nor cocoa. If the prisoner had money he could buy milk—watered for delicate stomachs—and blue wine that made an excellent dye.

There was also bread, and a pint of shaving water—one day some macaroni floated in it, the next day, rice. Raw cabbage, lettuce or tomatoes sometimes appeared, and even dead donkey.

All the prisoners called it that. Really it was a kind of sausage, but made, I was assured, from donkey meat. Perhaps that's why one never sees a dead donkey

Once a week there was an egg or 2 oz. of condemned meat. But since the police guards had the same food, we really should not have complained.

Life in the camps was dreadful because of the monotony. There we were, some eighty men, cooped up in an old ruined castle or convent until we hated the sight of one another.

After a few days we ceased to talk. There was nothing to read, and games bored us stiff. So the months dragged on.

Frightful Apathy

True, I caught up with a lot of sleep I missed in my youth. Sleep—that was the only thing that made the time pass. I once made a blackboard and taught languages to those who cared to learn. But the lessons soon ceased.

A frightful apathy seized us. But one day there was tremendous excitement A report had come through to the governor that a girl had succeeded in passing herself off as a man and got herself interned in order to be near her betrothed.

The authorities did not know to which camp she had been sent and ordered the governors to keep a close watch on us to discover her. The change in our behaviour was magical.

Any one of us might be that girl.

Where we had snarled at each other, we smiled and were polite. Cigarettes were offered and accepted, games were again played, songs sung, actual conversations carried on; and all the time we watched each other lynx-eyed for the least sign of femininity.

Who would be the lucky one to bowl this girl out secretly, and have her companionship?

Alas, after a delirious week the bubble burst. It was a hoax some humorist had worked off on the police, or else a jesting rumour had been magnified and accepted as true by some fool *commissaire.*

So we dropped back into our apathy.

Little did his Italian custodians know that Mr. Ashton Wolfe (above), the writer of this article, is a foremost expert on crime and captors!

Food is getting shorter every day in Italy. A grown Italian's ration is 3 oz. of bread a day—and the bread is made of chestnut and maize flour. He has a pound and a half of decaying macaroni; once a week he queues up for 2½ oz. of meat—including bone.

Sometimes, extra meat is sold cheaper at the *Basso Macello*, whenever the animal died instead of being slaughtered. Unless the beast actually died of tuberculosis, it is always sold and eaten.

Some queer tales were invented to placate the people. Usually the cow or pig had choked to death on a cabbage or a pumpkin. Anyway it was meat.

Acute Shortages

Fruit and vegetables are not rationed yet, but are scarce. Chickens and eggs are a luxury only for the rich. There is no fish.

The first year of the war poachers dynamited or netted all the streams and lakes—in spawning season and out—for fish fetched high prices; a dynamited 2 lb. trout—often a female full of eggs—fetched 20s.

As a result, there are no fish left.

Clothing cannot be bought—not even caseine wool or synthetic cloth There is no leather.

Everything that looks like leather is merely varnished cardboard, and shoes are made with bits of velvet or scraps of carpet, with cork or wood soles.

Dresses last a month. Hats are made of plaited maize straw, dyed all colours.

No, the Italians cannot keep it up much longer, and deep unuttered curses against Mussolini are heard on all sides, from men of all ages. Even the women, once so enthusiastic, are beginning to look at their iron wedding rings which they got in place of the gold they gave for the war.

Ready to Run

Mussolini has his finger on the national pulse and has already felt the change. That, no doubt, is why he has shifted his fleet of private 'planes, four twin-engined luxury Caproni, from Rome to Pallanza on Lake Maggiore and to the Lago d'Orta.

From there it's one jump and he's in Switzerland, where long since Count Ciano has deposited his wealth.

But will Switzerland let him stay?

CLEAN UP THE DANCE HALLS

By OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

IN war time millions of young people have to build up a new social background to their lives.

They have been uprooted from old contacts. They have to find new ones.

Easy if you can afford hotels and restaurants, night clubs and bottle parties.

But not so easy on Service pay, which is the sole income of most young people whose lives have been diverted by war into new channels.

And so war always produces a dancing boom—and this war has been no exception.

Now I have no quarrel with that. I hope I have shown that popular dance halls serve a very useful purpose.

Indeed, I regard them as pretty well indispensable to the *very* floating population of war time.

I can't imagine where hundreds of thousands of very decent fellows would meet their hundreds of thousands of very decent girls if such places were closed down.

But there's the danger. Many of them—very many of them—may have to be closed down unless there is a very general cleaning up on the part of managements. And that, I suggest, would hit first and last and hardest young folk who have the first claim on some relief from the necessary routine and drabness of war time.

Yes, there is danger of an official drive against these popular places of amusement which brighten up the lives of so many millions of young people at war.

STRONG PRESSURE

The strongest pressure at the moment is from authorities responsible for troops who are thousands of miles from home.

And I don't wonder.

For I have investigated many complaints about these dance halls in the last few weeks. Some of them have come from Servicemen of various nationalities who are anything but squeamish.

I have looked into some of the halls myself.

I have spoken to managements, police, sociologists and welfare workers about them.

More important, I have spoken to soldiers, sailors and airmen about them.

And I say emphatically: *The dance halls must be cleaned up.*

Let me tell you of one I visited the other day.

It is in London. It is typical of many you will find in other parts of the country

There were 300 people dancing, and another 200 packed like herrings round the dance floor.

I am not interesting myself in the atmosphere of the place—and the battery of fans that was working scarcely made it tolerable.

I am more concerned with the analysis I made of the 500 people there.

Some 250 were Servicemen—many torn by war from homes thousands of miles away.

Apart from forty civilian men, the remainder were girls.

I write girls rather than women because most of these were between thirteen and twenty. By far the biggest number were, indeed, in the earlier half of their teens.

I will not overstress the matter of age, because a few were obviously sisters taken there by elder brothers and others the young sweethearts of young soldiers.

But there were others—girls of thirteen and fourteen, fifteen and sixteen—who are there every night.

The police know it. The local publicans, who have grown tired of refusing them drink, know it, too.

Some of the licensees have quite illegally asked whole parties of them to produce their identification cards—although why it should be illegal I don't know, seeing that if they are served on licensed premises it is the licensee who suffers.

DANGER APPARENT

Sometimes there isn't a girl in the party who is over fifteen.

They are not there with their brothers and sweethearts. You don't have a different brother or sweetheart for every day in the 365.

They are there as the pathetic flotsam and jetsam of war time life—a danger to themselves and to all who meet them.

I spoke to the military police of three different nations.

They told me they spend all their evenings telling the escorts of these girls: "Look, this girl is under fifteen," or "This girl is very well known to us. And what are you going to do about it?"

Never has the soldier, sailor or airman been told by the girls their true ages. Nine out of ten say a very curt goodbye on learning the truth—either about age or reputation, the latter of which has to be revealed very tactfully.

But it doesn't minimise the danger.

Only a complete tightening up of control of all these places—good and bad alike—can do that.

But to return to the dance floor.

A crudely made-up girl reeled out of the arms of her partner and completely bowled over an airman's young wife standing near me.

She was hopelessly drunk.

She collapsed into a seat with peals of laughter, insulted her late dancing partner when he tried to approach her, leapt unsteadily to her feet to try to drag another soldier on the dance floor.

That girl has just turned seventeen.

It is somewhat young—seventeen—to be a woman and *drunk and unescorted* in such a place.

EVEN YOUNG CHILDREN

But I found children there.

I found a little girl of four playing with a ball in the corner.

She had been brought by her sister while the mother was doing munition work.

One wouldn't bother so much if it were some sort of family party. It wasn't.

No war was going to make that girl stay at home a minute to look after a child when there were new men to meet every afternoon and evening.

I saw fifty-seven taxicabs arrive at the doors of that place in thirty-five minutes

Many of the occupants were obviously drunk.

But apart from three soldiers who did a bit of sobering-up before making their second and this time successful application for admission, nobody was turned away.

Tradesmen in the district told me revolting stories of youngsters taken out in a state of drunken collapse—even when no drink was served on the premises.

One, a girl who "couldn't be more than fifteen," had been taken away on an ambulance.

There are scores of worse places in London.

Indeed, let me say of this particular place that many hundreds of very decent young people get really healthy entertainment there at every dancing session.

Some dance establishments are very short-lived. As soon as the police find they are serving drinks promiscuously at fatuous prices they are closed down.

Mr. Justice Macnaughten, at Lewes Assizes recently, made some stringent comments about this serious problem of "Good Time Girls"

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. F. W. ALLISTONE, High Town Road, Maidenhead, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are invited about any possible ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, *93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

But others open. The promoters manage to keep one move ahead of the police.

Some are mere cellars. The dance floor consists of whatever space can be cleared by moving away three or four chairs. The dance band is a radiogram or an old piano.

In such places you will find no greater mental attribute than the cunning that enables a man or woman quickly to separate a Serviceman from his all-too-meagre money.

These dens must be *closed.* There can be no alternative to that.

Young girls pour into the police courts of London and other big cities—charged with theft and worse.

Such places exist for little more reason than to supply such girls with happy hunting-grounds.

As to the big, popular dance halls—what is really wrong is laxity of control. And with the rewards of dance promotion as great as they are at the moment, there is no necessity for such laxity.

CATER DECENTLY

They should clean-up—or be cleaned-up.

They should wake up to the fact that this war isn't being fought by a crowd of moral degenerates.

And so they should cater for the average man in uniform and his girl as people who have always had a decent background to their lives and are no less likely to demand it now.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

HOW ARE NEW VICEROY'S SELECTED?

● Many of the public are puzzled over the delay in appointing a Viceroy and by the publication of various names of people suggested for the post.

Actually, the Viceroy is appointed by the Prime Minister, in consultation, in the same way as any other officer or servant of the Crown.

The difficulty nowadays is the shortage of men of distinction and ability.

In the case of the Viceroy of India, exceptional qualities are needed.

Although the Viceroy carries out the Government policy and is largely under the control, so far as this goes, of the Secretary for India, he is treated almost like a Royal personage and is regarded as such by millions of Indians.

He is both administrative and ornamental—an idol and someone to kick.

Sir John Anderson's abilities are obscured by his alleged high-handedness in Bengal.

Attlee has been suggested; but, apart from Tory objections, he committed himself by signing the Simon Report, now considered out of date. Sinclair is a possibility; but there might be arguments over him. Besides, he may be needed at home.

That is why probably Lord Swinton has been named, for old-fashioned though are some of his views, he could easily be spared from Africa.

I should not like the job of finding a man who would satisfy all Parties in the Government and, at the same time, please India, and To-morrow.

WHY DON'T WE NAME RAIDED TOWNS?

● People still wonder why the enemy always seems to name the towns he has bombed here, while our bulletins still give only a vague locality.

The obvious reason for this is it is our settled plan to mislead the enemy.

We could not name all the towns that have been bombed, as sometimes the enemy does not know where he has been.

Therefore, if we named some, it would confuse not the enemy but the British public, many members of which would think, when we were silent, that there was some grave reason for our making a mystery of it.

CAN'T ALL REFORMERS GET TOGETHER?

● History seems to prove that only in the case of a revolution, or at least when some such cry as "Down with the Lords," which led to a bloodless revolution, has been raised, have all reformers lined up.

They did so in Spain, but only when the Civil War started.

The fact is that people who do not seek change line up altogether, whatever their differences, in defence of their property, which might be harmed by change.

On the other hand, reformers do not agree as to which reforms are needed. Therefore, they quarrel amongst themselves.

Actually, the differences on the Left are vital.

The Liberals oppose State control, which Labour advocates. Then the Labour Party is committed to an evolutionary policy, while the Communists are revolutionary, both in policy and thought.

Besides, reformers are in the habit of thinking for themselves And freedom of thought leads to differences hard to coalesce.

SAGAS OF THE SUBURBS
No. 3: WHETSTONE

By WILL SCOTT

He gripped Wally's elbow. And his eyes seemed to drag themselves from miles around and focus on George

WIZARD WALLY'S FAILURE

UNTIL he was twenty-two the world about George was just a world. Whetstone, where he lived, was merely a place to go home to. The High Road there was a High Road, and nothing but. Friern Barnet Park was the green bit you hurried through sometimes to get to the 'bus.

But if George had never really noticed Whetstone, Whetstone had never really noticed George.

George was like that. You could pass him a hundred times and never know anybody had gone by.

Whereas you couldn't pass his friend Wally *once* without being aware.

Wally so obviously was a success and George so obviously might never be. Wally wore his clothes so that you turned and looked at him. But George merely wore his clothes.

When Wally wanted a thing he went and got it. But George rarely got anything. He didn't know how to ask.

Wally had a way with girls. But George was dumb. "Follow me!" Wally used to say. But, somehow, George couldn't.

So that he was thankful he was alone when he first met The Girl. Wally would have blotted him out.

He didn't actually meet The Girl. He saw her. On the 'bus to Tally Ho Corner. And the next day. And the next.

And suddenly, for George, the world turned over.

For the first time he began to notice his background. He became aware of the enormous width of the High Road—but now it seemed suddenly filled with stage coaches and sedan chairs and aflutter with crinolines and other tokens of a romantic past.

Why, someone seemed to have waved a magic wand even over Woolworth's. Everything was different.

Even Friern Barnet Park, for all its lack of trees, turned itself into a forest glade where anything might happen.

For the first time, really (though his eyes had often traced the words), he took in the inscription on the old pump over the way from the church.

This Pump marks the site of Queen Elizabeth's Well and the Parish Pound.

There you were! Right back in history at a bound, for all that this was present-day Whetstone, with estate agents' shops and motor-'buses. Queen Elizabeth . . . Merrie England . . . Zounds, fayre dame!

George, with whom history had never been a strong point, suddenly felt covered in armour.

And he moped about Friern Barnet Park on his own and wondered how he could get to know Her.

He wished She would appear from nowhere and fall in the little lake, so that he could jump in and rescue Her. The little lake was just the lake for the job, since he couldn't swim.

GEORGE knew his limits. "Follow me!" Wally was always saying, but George wasn't built of the same material.

Within a fortnight Wally would have had Her to the pictures a couple of times. Within a month he would have been visiting Her family and slapping Her father on the back and calling Her father "old boy." Even putting the banns up . . .

Wally was like that. But George was like *this*, and he didn't see how he was ever going to speak to Her unless a miracle happened.

Sitting on the 'bus to Tally Ho Corner every day, looking at Her. It was something, but it wasn't much.

And then one day there was Wally on the 'bus, and Wally saw and put two and two together. And said, when they left the bus:

"George, old son, you can't kid me. You've fallen for that girl!"

And when George had done turning pink it all came out, and Wally wanted to know what he was going to do about it. To which George replied that he didn't see how anything could be done.

"ROT!" bellowed Wally. "You can get anything you want in this world if you go for it. Look here—follow me! I'll get to know her for you."

"No, no, no! Really!" George was stunned.

"Well, leave it to me," said Wally. "You keep out of it. What's to-day? Monday. Right. By Wednesday evening I'll know her. By Thursday evening. . . . Listen. Be near the King Edward Memorial in the Park on Thursday evening and I'll introduce you to her."

And George left it to Wally.

And he kept away from the Tally Ho 'bus out of sheer shame.

And on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock George was waiting beside the memorial in Friern Barnet Park, knocking the heads off daisies with his stick. It was a new stick. Also he had a new hat and a new tie and was trying his hardest to get a new look on his face.

At 8 o'clock he was pacing a stretch of green between the memorial and a point fifty yards away. At 9 o'clock the track had lengthened to a hundred yards.

And at 10 o'clock he went home. . . .

Dismay was all over him. The wonderful Wally with his wonderful technique had failed!

Or . . . perhaps on Friday?

So for three hours George waited in the park on Friday. And on Saturday.

And then his heart turned to lead and the world went back to what it had been before: just a High Road, just streets and houses, just a park; estate agents' shops, motor-'buses, Woolworth's. . . .

★ ★ ★

It was Sunday afternoon when George next saw Wally. Sunday afternoon in the wide High Road. And Wally in the distance, coming towards him.

George had a sudden feeling of silliness. He wondered what Wally would have to say.

But Wally, to George's immense surprise, said nothing. He walked straight on. He did not even glance at George. . . .

And it was then that George noticed. Wally's new hat! His new tie! His new gloves! The flower in his buttonhole!

There is an old pub in the High Road at Whetstone which is a pub no longer. It is just an inn sign across the upper floors. Below, where once was saloon bar, public bar, is now a bank, shops. The old pub hides behind Big Business and its modest day is done. As George had hidden behind Wally. . . . And now his modest day was done. . . .

George looked at the old pub and suddenly realised. The world is not for the Hiders Behind. And now it was too late.

"But," he almost whimpered, "to cut me dead into the bargain!"

He swung round and gripped Wally by the elbow. And then Wally's eyes seemed to drag themselves from miles away and focus on George.

"George, old boy!" he exclaimed. "I never noticed you."

"Have you seen Her?" hissed George. "You said you'd see Her. You said you'd introduce me."

Wally blinked.

"Oh, *that!* I'd completely forgotten——"

Wally's eyes wandered from George to something a hemisphere away. Gently he laid a hand on George's arm.

"Seen Her? Oh, boy!—*have you seen Her Sister?*"

HOW DOES HE DO IT?

WE'RE all taught to admire, especially in these times, men of granite.

Men who, having said No, never say Yes. Men who, even if the sky falls in, keep that calm look and can't be shifted.

In my younger days I wanted to be a man of granite. I wanted to be a kind of breathing statue. I wanted men to say of me: "How does it do it?"

But it didn't come off.

I have always been the sort of man who takes his colour from the day. A bright morning and I'm up. A dull morning and I'm down. If my horse comes in first it's a grand world. If my horse comes in last it's a rotten world.

★ ★ ★

I've only met one man of granite personally, and he was the limit. As hard as any statue. And it's only recently that I've found out how he was made.

In peace time once he won the office sweep. Five pounds, all for fourpence. *I'd* have gone mad for a few minutes. I'd have gone out and bought things. I'd have taken the afternoon off.

Not George.

He just said "Uh!" and got on with his job.

Once he *lost* five pounds. Whether it was taken out of his pocket or picked up by the wind or dropped by mistake into the waste-paper basket we never found out.

I'd have had the office lino up. I'd have been round at the police station.

Not George

He just said "Uh!" and got on with his job.

The man of granite, cool, imperturbable, *fixed*. Nothing can impress him. Not misfortune. Not fortune.

When France fell and some people began to go round in small circles George just said "Uh!" and got on with his job.

★ ★ ★

When the *blitz* was at its height George didn't even look up at the skies. He certainly didn't dive into an Anderson. He just said "Uh!" and got on with his job

Even now, when Hitler must be the world's sickest man, George isn't impressed He just says "Uh!" and gets on with his job.

The man you can't shift. The shining example to the young.

Maybe .

But I met his wife last week for the first time. And she talked and talked and talked and talked and talked and talked.

And George just said "Uh!" and got on with his job.

Twenty years of *that* he's had. Nothing can impress him now. good fortune or ill. I know at last why he's a man of granite.

A. G.

HUMAN MACHINE

THEY USE THEIR BRAINS

People who, having made up their minds, can keep them made up and can pursue their course of action to the end are rare.

You have to be able to think clearly, to imagine this course of action or that, to weigh possibilities and balance probabilities, to have an end towards which you are going to move, and to be quite sure that it is the right end.

You have to know what you can do—more important—what you can't do. You have to have pluck and endurance and perseverance. You must be a balanced optimist and a realistic pessimist.

You must believe in yourself and you must have profound faith in your abilities. You must trust your judgment, and you must be ready to ignore criticism and spite and petty jealousies. You will meet them all once your mind is made up.

You must be able to distinguish between determination and mere obstinacy. A lot of people imagine they have made up their minds when all they have really done is to put their ears back and give a fine imitation of an Army mule.

You can justify the reasons that enabled you to make up your mind. You can't justify mulishness.

So it isn't easy.

That's why those who can do it are people of real worth. They have learned to use their brains.

FORGOTTEN MEN OF THE SEA—No. 4. By WARREN ARMSTRONG

YOU CAN HELP OUR SEAMEN

★ Concluding his powerful series, the writer, a former Engineer Officer of the Merchant Navy, urges the public to support the demand for a new charter for those who man our ships . . .

THE Harmonica King, for all the natural drawbacks of his earlier life in dockland's slums, was a knowledgeable bloke, and there wasn't much that escaped his notice.

I sometimes watched him browsing over week-old and even month-old newspapers and journals, "Putting m'self wise," he would say, "to th' way th' perishing wind's blowing!"

Just before his last trip he came to me with one or two items of news, strung together in their proper sequence. "Couldn't you write a story around these, sir?" he asked.

Wasted Effort

"These" were the following facts; 100 per cent. true:

Newsprint was in short supply and something had to be done about it, so British farmers were asked by the Government to produce enormous quantities of straw, the idea being to use it for paper-making, so saving vital shipping space.

The farmers did what was asked of them, and raised 1,500,000 tons of it, for British newsprint.

But—somebody then discovered that paper mills in this country had not been provided with equipment for straw boiling, and that when the mill owners asked for steel to make special boilers the Ministry of Supply told them there was none to spare, it was all wanted for building new shipping.

So what? So 1,500,000 tons of good straw went rotting in meadows up and down Britain—and the Ministry of Supply sent a purchasing delegation to America with orders to buy pulp and waste paper to be brought to Britain in our badly needed merchant ships!

There aren't many things I jib at, but this was one, and I couldn't force myself to "write a story." It was beyond me. Not that I don't know the hard grind of life on the Atlantic lifeline, but because it was too much of a nightmare to describe such a voyage, even without any enemy attack.

I've sailed those routes too often in merchantmen carrying grain, and grain's very much like bulk pulp and waste paper; when it gets wet it swells; when it swells it's liable to open up faulty seams . . . and when that happens, ships and seamen sometimes disappear completely and forever from the sight of men. . . .

So far in these articles I've tried to sketch very briefly one or two actual incidents that have happened during this mighty battle of the oceans.

I did so for an obvious purpose. Shipping is the Key to Victory, and, to-day, *the shipping position is more vital than ever before!*

Our need for new ships is as urgent as was the need for Spitfires during the Battle of Britain.

The dispersal of the Allies throughout the world means that we are entirely dependent on ships to mass our combined economic and military strength with which to smash the Axis.

Repeated Problems

Yet the men who'll handle these ships know that when we have whipped the Axis, by the very shape of things to-day their industry will again be confronted with problems similar to those which arose immediately after the last war.

To-day, in the fourth year of war, the special mention of many officers is one of insecurity and helplessness; hundreds of captains, for example, are serving at sea under no written contract.

Some have been forced to accept their jobs on the distinct understanding that their services can be dispensed with at any time *without notice!*

It's true that war time conditions are better than in the years of troubled peace. What the men of the Merchant Navy want is confidence that the improvement will continue when the war is ended.

They haven't any confidence: *It's common knowledge that some shipowners are not only antagonistic to Merchant Navy war conditions introduced by Bevin's Essential Work Order of 1941, but aim at a post-war return to vested interests in shipping and shipbuilding, so that big finance once again can secure supreme and undisputed control of the entire industry.*

Sir Philip Haldin, famous shipowner, has declared that the evils which followed the last war must not be tolerated again . . .

Faster Ships

A sign of this attitude is the reluctance to decide on really fast merchant ships: the sort the Germans, Japanese and Italians used to steal our trade before the war.

When victory is ours, and the world is settling down slowly after the vast upheaval, a dozen different countries will be in the market for Britain's first-class goods, produced by first-class craftsmen.

But, without first-class merchant ships we can never hope to recapture those vitally valuable markets. First-class ships manned by seamen who are treated as professionals and tradesmen and not merely as so many casual labourers. That's what we need!

And we need a Charter of Reform, with particular reference to the Merchant Navy. What does it all amount to? This: No matter how you look at it, it's OUR problem. National patriotism is not inconsistent with international collaboration; much had been already done, but there is still so much more we can achieve. If we ignore all this, we do so at our peril.

I think that is how the Harmonica King would have put it.

There wasn't a popular tune he didn't pick up, note-perfect, after hearing it but once. And when we were away at sea, humping high explosive and tanks and guns and food across the eternal shuttle-service between Britain and America, this wiry six-feet fireman in my watch enlivened many an otherwise monotonous hour.

He died, partly from burns, partly from wounds, playing one of the song-hits of yesterday; a thing called "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square." Thinking of him, as I often do, I am reminded of a Government Department, housed in a fashionable building in London's West End.

There's a long, bright room in that building; it contains vast charts and maps, and on one wall there hangs a small card with the words: *"Sail on, O Ship of State!"*

That room is the hub of the Ministry of War Transport; around it, like hives in an apiary, are grouped important sections, and there are 10,000 men and women within the Ministry's four walls. Their fixed duty is to weld the different means of transport into a single *weapon.*

New Charter Wanted

Quite a number of merchant seamen know of Berkeley Square not so much as the headquarters of the Ministry as the place where that plaguey bird sang! Mainly these men are singularly unimpressed by the tangle of verbal bouquets that come their way, and the more knowledgeable want to know if someone in the Ministry can't devise that brand-new Charter so urgently needed.

My answer to that is: *There'll never be a new Charter for the Merchant Navy unless you, the public, take your heads out of the sand and face up to facts.* It's up *to you.*

It won't be done unless vested interests are completely and totally excluded.

But if it is done, then you, the people, will have achieved a signal victory over the forces of inhumanity among us—the forces which are represented by the high financiers who still regard the seaman as a totally necessary evil.

LET NONE DEFAULT

LET no one pause nor fill one hour with wonder, let no one doubt the tasks yet to be done, let no one think though victories may thunder that we shan't need each 'plane, each ship and gun. Let no one bask in fortune's sunlit moment, let none be dazzled by the glittering prize Let no one lose the purpose of right doing, let none be lulled by clear, wide foeless skies.

LET no one drop his burden from his shoulder, let no one think self-interest will pay, let no one think the enemy less dangerous because he's turned from hunter into prey. Let no one think that luck's a magic carpet to bypass duty and the arduous way, let no one heed the spate of propaganda screamed from a losing enemy at bay.

LET no one think the little tasks are useless, nor minimise the strain which they impose, let no one disregard the hidden anguish that lies beneath the smile that covers woes. Let no one call for lenience to the bully who yelps against the punishment he gave, let no one do one thing for war's prolonging, let none default while there's a world to save.—J. M.

FEMININE AFFLICT

★ If you are in doubt write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

FEELING fear in the presence o a tiger, a rattlesnake or homicidal maniac is natural but to be panic-stricken at th sight of some harmless creature lik a mouse, a beetle or a spider, is no reasonable at all.

Such fears are due to some primitiv instinct or some unconscious motive.

The late Earl Roberts could not be to be in the same room with a cat, y he could face a hostile army witho flinching. These human phobias are mystery. Here's a letter from a woma reader:

It is not news that the majority women hate spiders, but has anyon ever found out why? I myself have real horror of them and cannot bear t be near one. I certainly could nev bring myself to kill one. I am mo terrified of spiders than anything el but I don't mind mice, earwigs or an of the other creepy-crawlies.

I was talking about these "beasts" wi a crowd of women at my place of wo and found that quite 80 per cent. fe as I did.

I also noticed that women who loath spiders are nearly all fond of cat whereas the others who don't min spiders were mostly anti-cat and hate to be touched by them.

I think there must be some connectio between the two things. Can y explain what it is? And can you explai why it is that only women feel strongl about spiders?

This female horror of spiders is a ver real thing. I know cases of women wh can "sense" when there is a spider the room before they have seen it. Th may sound incredible, but it is true.

Our British spiders—unlike the tara tula and the "black widow"—are har less enough; but to women they see to suggest something essentially e and no one knows why.

I have often discussed the subje One scientist argued that it may because the female spider eats h mate, but a woman can hate spid without knowing that. A psycholog told me that the fear was derived fr some childish nightmare, but why d that not affect boys as well as girls?

But that point about cat-lovers bei spider-haters (and *vice versa*) is new me, and I think it is worth investigatin

Of how many women is it true? As if it is true, can anyone suggest reason? This is one of the subject which is not explained in encyclopedia It would make a good question for th Brains Trust.

NOW here's a letter from a middl aged man:

My problem is not exactly a fea It's rather hard to explain, but it wor this way. As soon as I get settled do in bed I start thinking about all t things I have to remember to do ne day, and I begin counting them up a wondering whether I have overlook something of immense importance.

Then I start going through the l again and getting "het up" a bothered. I fall asleep eventually, h waken to find the business still go round and round in my head. I m remember to do so-and-so, to ring "X," to write to "Y," to order so and-such from "Z."

I waken in the mornings feeling th out instead of refreshed, and by ni fall I am "all in"; yet instead of g

EMOTIONS RAVEST

Her queer, inexplicable her there was a spider and horrors—there

sleep like a sensible anning and worrying a y.

I wish you could tell m rid myself of this habit. I suggest making a list aper. Keep it by the b ything further occurs to the list. Next morning derline the things th ent and do them first. He will often find that ms need immediate atte n clear them off within The pencil and paper of brooding in the ear

ELL, there is room letter about the sub several weeks ago. young married woman. Your correspondent wh arth of male chivalry d. Does she want to rian days when "Papa, lies about little court minated his womenfolk es and liberties, thei eir reading, their privat eir dress, while all the m control of the purse-s We can't have it both shes to exploit femin ther than to demonst rength.

No woman will deny urtesies are pleasant, ore important to win a good comrade. A te, your correspondent e who has never treu y she should have it or with it. In other wor om mental laziness.

In the democracy we ter the war, the rights men will be indivisible, t real progress only thro n, with both sexes wo hts, but for right.

Just as women have sh al experiences of war, t ue to share in planning

READ

MAZING changes war canvasser has just c my vacuum-cleaner, s. Horsfall, Huddersfield

★ ★

Workmen have been cle bankment of hedges king bonfires with the ple would have been g fuel, yet it is was nvey Island.

★ ★

Workers who refuse to n" from the Ministry hlessly prosecuted, but ently ignore Governm

NE MOTIONS ICT RAVEST

Her queer, inexplicable instinct told her there was a spider in the room, and horrors—there it is!

sleep like a sensible chap I start anning and worrying about the next y.

I wish you could tell me what to do rid myself of this habit.

I suggest making a list on a piece of per. Keep it by the bedside, and if ything further occurs to mind, add it the list. Next morning the man can derline the things that are most gent and do them first.

He will often find that only half the ms need immediate attention, and he n clear them off within an hour.

The pencil and paper habit saves a of brooding in the early hours.

WELL, there is room for one more letter about the subject discussed several weeks ago. It comes from young married woman.

Your correspondent who bewails the arth of male chivalry makes me see d. Does she want to return to Vic- rian days when "Papa," while punc- ious about little courtesies, entirely minated his womenfolk, ruling their es and liberties, their friendships, eir reading, their private letters, even eir dress, while all the time keeping m control of the purse-strings?

We can't have it both ways. She shes to exploit feminine weakness ther than to demonstrate feminine rength.

No woman will deny that little urtesies are pleasant, but it is far ore important to win man's respect a good comrade. As regards the te, your correspondent strikes me as e who has never troubled to think y she should have it or what she can with it. In other words, she suffers om mental laziness.

In the democracy we hope to build ter the war, the rights of men and men will be indivisible, and we shall t real progress only through co-opera- n, with both sexes working not for hts, but for right.

Just as women have shared the most al experiences of war, they must con- ue to share in planning for peace.

★ *Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces! ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice." JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

TORPEDOED but cheerful, Sig. C Rippon, R.N., tells a graphic story of adventure in a letter to his father at Caroline Street, Hetton-le-Hole, Co. Durham:

For once I've actually got something to write home about. Have you ever landed on shore in a pair of shoes and tropical shorts with two empty pockets? You haven't; well, here is how it happened to me.

We had a dash for the boat, a merchant vessel which was to take us down South. On the evening of the third day I was drying myself after a bath when there was a terrific bang, the sound of tinkling glass and a loud rush of water.

A torpedo on our starboard side!

The ship started to heel over at once, but there was no panic. My boat and two others on the starboard had been blown to pieces by the explosion and this meant a shortage of boats.

Two boats were lowered into the water, so I went down into one of them—only to find that it was taking water.

We changed to the other one, where we were packed as tight as sardines.

Meanwhile, Jerry had put a second torpedo into the old ship and followed it by a third, which broke her back so that she went down in two pieces.

By now it was getting dark. The boats circled round haphazardly until the Jerry submarine surfaced; then we all knew our course—it was in the opposite direction!

Luckily, all the commander of the U-boat wanted to know was the name of the ship and the tonnage, and then he submerged again.

Soon rain started, the sea became rough, and so we heaved out the anchor and spent the night doing anything but sleep. Everybody was sick—the oil you swallow when floating about is not good for the stomach!

Next morning came sun and a quieter sea. We knew that land was not far off, so we set the mainsail and rowed and rowed. At four o'clock that afternoon we sighted the coast.

We couldn't make the shore that night, but at dawn we managed to beach the boat.

Nobody was about; we built shelters for the next night while some of the party went exploring.

They found a couple of native huts a few miles away, and one of the natives went off with a message from us.

Then, at night, we had a tropical storm, which lasted four hours. The lightning ripped across the sky, the thunder crashed like artillery, and it rained!

You can picture forty of us huddled together under a sail that leaked everywhere.

Next day, aided by natives, we set off to somewhere about sixteen miles away. Some of us had bare feet, but we did arrive after passing through swamp and jungle.

Two lorries reached us with food and tea. We had baths, went to bed under real blankets and dreamed we were in heaven.

Altogether, a really exciting week. The joke is that we broke our necks to catch that ship, when we could have caught a later one!

WHITE MAGIC

Serving with the M.E.F., Sig. E. Penn tells of a sergeant who impressed the natives. He writes to a friend at Wentworth Park Road, Harborne, Birmingham:

The Arabs can't speak English, but we manage to make them understand. They "swop" almost anything for sweets and cigarettes.

When our ventriloquist sergeant makes a camel or a goat say, "Praise be to Allah!" in Arabic the Arabs' eyes fairly pop out of their heads in astonishment.

Knowing nothing of voice-throwing, they think our ventriloquist sergeant a miracle man when he makes a camel speak Arabic!

SMALL WORLD

Serving with a Field Security Wing in the M.E.F. can be interesting, as Sgt. E. Ogg discloses to a friend at St. Phillans Avenue, Ayr:

My work in this port means ploughing round the harbour, boarding ships and interviewing seamen from all parts of the world.

Strange, but about 95 per cent. of the ships that call here, from giant liners to little cargo boats, have Scots engineers. If I poke my nose into an engine-room I'm sure to hear a broad Scots reply to my greeting. I actually touched some of my "Old Man's" handiwork, boilers installed by him in the Clyde yard where he works.

UNCOVERED

Girls in the A.T.S. soon learn the tricks of the "old soldier," as one of them explains in a letter to a friend at Eccleston Lane, Prescot, Liverpool:

At kit inspection one of the girls was short of a pair of shoes. It was a lightning inspection, so she had no time to "win" another pair temporarily.

But she had a bright idea. She pulled off her shoes, lined them up with her spread-out kit, and stood with her shoeless feet partly hidden by the blankets.

Up came the officer: "Smart kit and correct," but then she seemed to have second thoughts. She ordered the young woman to step forward—which she did as smartly as possible in her stockinged feet!

However, the officer was a good sport, saw the humour of the incident, and passed on.

LAP OF LUXURY

Sailors on camels seem a bit strange, but here is the explanation from A.B. Fred Orford, R.N., who is serving on a minesweeper out East. He writes to his parents at Gorsey Lane, Warrington, Lancs:

I am on three days' leave, living in the lap of luxury at a house-boat on the River Nile.

This afternoon the boys and I did a trip to the Pyramids. We made the journey on camels, because sailors don't care!

But we did—afterwards. Those camels had the hardest backs imaginable; pity you can't ride on their humps!

Of course, we had our photographs taken sitting on the camels, and looking as if we liked it, despite our soreness.

We are all agreed that riding the waves is more comfortable than riding camels.

TIN BATHING

There is a domestic touch in a letter home to his family at Wansbeck Gardens, West Hartlepool, from L./Bdr. A. Reed, serving with the M.E.F.:

I have just had a lovely bath in a petrol tin and my washing is drying on the bushes.

Jimmy has his head bandaged—result of a slight argument we had with a landmine.

Three other chaps and myself were on the back of a truck when there was a terrific bang and we were blown to the ground.

The driver and Jimmy were shaken up a bit, but it might have been much worse, as the front of the truck was wrecked.

To-morrow we get new battledress, so we shall be able to smarten up a bit. Mine has been in constant use since Alamein and is much the worse for wear.

DOWN UNDER

Serving in a submarine, P.O. E. Cooper, R.N., likes the life and writes home to his father-in-law at North Square, Dorchester:

I'm quite happy and would sooner be in this type of craft than on the surface. We are a little family and when you get used to the confined space and get to know your shipmates, it is a jolly family.

. . .Last week we had surfaced and saw two of our airmen in a rubber dinghy some distance away. We lowered a boat to pick them up, and I was in it.

When we had almost reached the airmen three Jerry fighter-bombers appeared out of the nowhere and made for our sub., which was compelled to submerge.

One of the 'planes turned its machine-guns on us, but we dropped down in the boat as if we had been hit, and, thanks to a choppy sea and our tossing boat, none of us was hurt.

Some of our Spitfires then came out and the Jerries hopped off as if they had been stung. We picked up the airmen and later had a little celebration.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

AMAZING changes war brings about! A canvasser has just called wanting to y my vacuum-cleaner, not sell one!—rs. Horsfall, Huddersfield Road, Oldham.

★ ★ ★

Workmen have been clearing a railway bankment of hedges and trees, and aking bonfires with the timber. Local ople would have been glad of this wood fuel, yet it is wasted.—W. Davis, nvey Island.

★ ★ ★

Workers who refuse to obey a "direc- n" from the Ministry of Labour are thlessly prosecuted, but employers fre- ently ignore Government instructions with impunity. Why this discrimination? —R. Dennis, Dursley, Glos.

★ ★ ★

Recently a sixty-foot trailer complete with eight men and an officer was sent forty miles away to an aerodrome. Yet there was a trailer, men, and other equipment available at this aerodrome. Was that journey really necessary?—"Observant," Hants.

★ ★ ★

If half-loaves were sold at the bakers much bread would be saved. Lord Woolton should see to it, if bread waste is to be stopped.—"Wooltonian," Brierly Hill, Staffs.

FIGHT THE JAPS

JAPAN has got most of the world's rubber plantations—but not all the other raw materials she wants to make rubber.

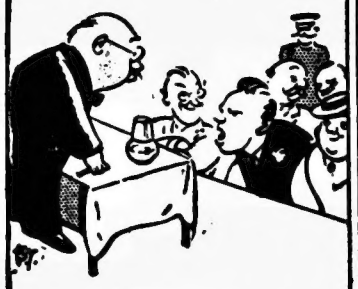
We've got those other materials—but not the plantations.

So the answer is with you

Don't waste a crumb of rubber. Drive as though your wheels were of gold. Salvage all the rubber you can. Help the local authority to get it in.

Then the advantage will still be with us.

THE SPEAKER BOWED.
HE TOLD THE CROWD
THE WELCOME
WAS DELIGHTFUL.
A VOICE THEN CRIED
"USE EASY, MATE,
THAT CHIN OF YOURS
LOOKS FRIGHTFUL"



USE EASY
SHAVING STICK
Over 100 shaves
in every stick!
7½D.
(INCLUDES PURCHASE TAX).

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TIM-MOUSER

"I hate Larder Guard mouse-stalking practice. Can't they see I'm not well?"

"Am I dreaming—or is this really TIBS I see?"

"Broke the Larder Guard mousing record last night. I'm off to take fish with the sergeant!"

'TIBS' are tasteless in the cats' food or drink. From all chemists and corn merchants, 7d. for 9 or 1/1½ for 21.

100 PURRS IN EVERY PACKET

A product of Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport.

Her teeth are YOUR concern-

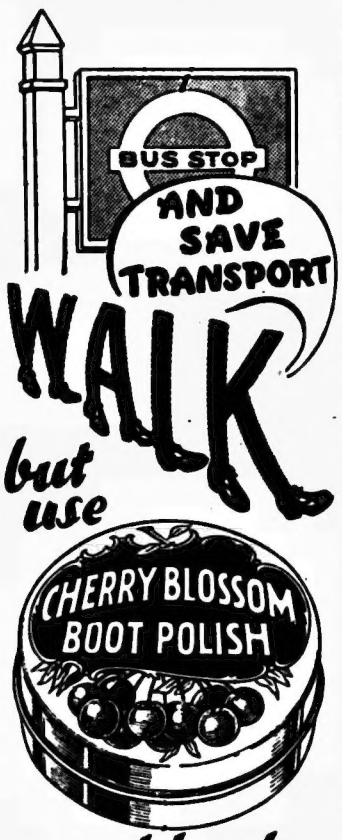
Every mother wants her children to grow up with strong, firm white teeth, safe from the danger of decay. Make sure of this by giving them the right care when they are young. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia,'* which corrects acid-mouth, so often the cause of dental trouble.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant, mild flavour. Sold everywhere 1/1d. *and* 1/10½d.

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*



and keep your shoes fit for walking

USE SPARINGLY—
SUPPLIES ARE RESTRICTED

CB/20

LAST LAUGH

F. N. (Tottenham). — "Radio comedians listen to the performances of rival radio comedians with great enjoyment." And, we suspect, with pencils, notebooks and a knowledge of shorthand.

R. S. (Motherwell).—"I often do business with my brokers." Pawn or stock?

J. P. (Blantyre).—"My mother-in-law is a regular brick." We are sorry to hear she is so hard.

B. R. (Leatherhead). — "The machine I was steering went clanking on, cutting down everything before it." Yes, but you don't say whether it was a tank or a lawnmower.

R. G. (Darlington).—"I must say my wife often meets me considerably more than half-way." On Fridays?

M. B. (Castleford).—"I told a man the other day I thought he had too much ego." He answered that, on the contrary, he didn't like these egg substitutes?

T. C. (Carlisle).—"No amount of torture would induce me to co-operate with the Nazis." See letter below.

Mrs. C. (Carlisle).—"When the thief, who was little more than a youth, gave my husband's wrist a slight twist, he immediately handed over his wallet containing his month's salary." See letter above

GEORGE (Leeds).—"I am a bookkeeper, but very ambitious. When I told my boss of my desire to rise in the world, do you know what he did?" Offered you a job as lift-man?

M. T. G. (Hamilton).—"My dog recently died after eating some food." One of those war time sausages, by any chance?

P. P. (Wigan).—"The doctor knocked off one article of food after another in my poor friend's diet till he was cured." And what did the wreath cost you?

W. W. (Cludleigh).—"Can you conceive any spectacle more ludicrous than a lot of sedentary men in shorts only?" Yes, the same in shirts only.

V. B. (Lincoln).—"A stiff and pompous gait in a man often doesn't mean a thing." More than rheumatism.

P. P. (Rochdale).—"Authority will be telling householders what to read next." They are already being told. What about those meters?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

Side-Slips

GLASGOW BULLETIN:—"Having failed to scatter the First Army by his LOUNGE towards Tebessa and Thaa . . ."

THE EVENING NEWS:—"They cover their defects with POWER."

DAILY RECORD:—"I hear that the COST of a new film, "Fires Were Started" (which is all about the N.F.S.), includes L——R——, the Glasgow sculptor."

MARVE'S OWN:—"I have been trying to make my ASHES grow longer by using castor oil every night. . . ."

THE NEWS CHRONICLE:—"The Axis (cables P——— J———) is fighting desperately in this sector to PRESENT a U.S. break through. . . ."

SELKIRK SATURDAY ADVERTISER:—"Cadets require to take with them knives, FOLKS, spoons. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● After six years' service in the Regular Army, Edwin Taylor was discharged physically unfit. He was badly wounded three times during the last war, and is nearly always on the sick list.

There are nine children under fifteen, the eldest son being feeble-minded. The mother has just given birth to her ninth child.

Rent is 18s. weekly, and already four weeks in arrears. Every article of value in the home has been pawned.

This man's pension of £1 3s. 4d. and grocery tickets are totally inadequate to keep so large a family in even the barest necessities.

Sympathetic readers who wish to help this family and enable the harassed mother to regain some strength should send donations earmarked "Ninth" (or for our General Fund) to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,376

Mrs. J. McQueen, "Viewbank," Gilmerton, Midlothian, for this "Bullet":—

ONE DAY
JOYBELLS—MEANWHILE, "RINGING" GERMANY.

889: H. Cowlishaw, 30, Danethorpe Vale, Nottingham.
Grandpa's Pension—"Mere Song" At "Twilight."

810: G. Hart, 142, Hillmorton Rd., Rugby.
One Day—Sword Sheathed—"Blade, Sir?"

85: F. Houston, 96, Paterson St., Ayr.
Make Them Suffer, And—Future Germans Less Insufferable.

84: W. T. Mills, 130, Stonefield Rd., Hastings.
It Hurts, But—"Pinning Down" Workers, Essential.

80: A. Sims, 13, Chalks Rd., Whitehall, Bristol.
Too Little—For "Science's Boots," Mankind.

80: Mrs. D. Matthews, 13, Rosehill Ave., Burnley.
Dad v. Weeds—"Docks" Blitzed—Food *Safer*, Dad v. Weeds—"Docks" Blitzed—Food *Safer*,

UP GOES "BULLETS" FIRST See other next page.

82a: S. Button, 88, London Rd., Bexhill-on-Sea.
Alarm And Despondency—Other "Bumps" Made Compelling.

80a: S. F. Stovold, 4, Cherry Tree Gdns., Low Fd., Gateshead.
Gift From The Staff—Bedding—The Sun, Alarm-clock!

84a: L.A.C. G. Samways, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Dad v. Weeds—"War" Making Mother Sniff.

82a: G. Hotchkin, 106, Egerton Rd., Blackpool.
Like The Old Contemptibles Germans Find "New Decadents."

86a: Mr. Thomas, 12, York St., Wolverhampton.
Bit Of Bluff—Nunso's Night Fright, Genuine!

A list of 25 Winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

8 BIG CHEQUES

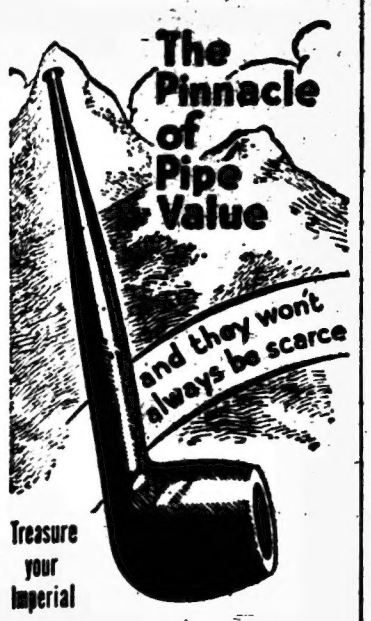
WON IN XWORD 328

WINNING WORDS: 1. Bobby. 2. Slut. 3. Rash. 4. Rest. 5. Fool. 6. Dumb. 7. Taped. 8. Balm. 9. Mind. 10. Tram. 11. Banns. 12. Soap. 13. Tuna. 14. Rules.

8180 SHARERS: W. Bateman, 21, Ember Ave., Blackpool; Mrs. E. Catton, 42, Bridge Rd., Sutton; P. Gillespie, 490, Lytham Rd., Blackpool; G. Hotchkin, 106, Egerton Rd., Blackpool; F. H. Lee, 19, Palmersfield Rd., Banstead; F. W. Mullings, 116, Dawlish Drive, Ilford; H. Pennington, 91, Burlington Rd., Blackpool; Miss E. Whiteside, 10, Balham Ave., Blackpool.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 61 entrants.

Imperial
OLD BRUYERE



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Excuse me— INNER CLEANLINESS with ANDREWS is the first Health rule

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your Andrews

8 ozs. 2/-, including purchase tax

(32)

Venereal VD Diseases

This is an extract from one of the many letters received. Permission has been given by the writer to use this extract.

"... I had treatment for a time"

"Can you tell me where I can obtain advice on treatment for Venereal Disease? I contracted it some years ago. I had treatment for a time but did not keep it up ... I am afraid it may recur one day ..."

The Doctor replies:

"Men and women often start treatment and then, when the outward signs disappear, they are naturally very glad and think, quite wrongly, that all is well. So they don't carry on with the treatment. That is one of the dangers. Though you may not see the signs any longer, the germs often continue to live in the body and, if treatment is not completed, can cause serious trouble later; the patient who stops treatment too soon also risks giving the disease to wife or husband. After the treatment has been completed the Doctor must make several tests before he can be certain of a cure. I enclose the address of the clinic where you can continue treatment, and I do earnestly advise you not to delay."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's Offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1. All replies are sent in plain envelopes.

Issued by the Ministry of Health, Dept. of Health for Scotland and the Central Council for Health Education. (M—6-27—N M)

£500 EXTRA CASH for XWORDS!

Start NOW in "John Bull's" great, big £500 Second Tournament—by simply completing the week's £100 Prize Xword and Bulletin Awards value £20. If by Thursday 5th you have won a prize of any kind (First or Runner-up) in ANY TWO CONSECUTIVE CONTESTS, you automatically share EXTRA £500 CASH with all other Competitors who have similarly qualified in the course of Tournament.

ENTER on COUPON BELOW

Xword No. 328 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES. Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.		3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3p	3p	3p
1	FEVERISH CHILD IS PARTICULARLY LIABLE TO DISTURB THIS AT NIGHT	QUI T			
2	SHOULD MAINTAIN HARMONY	CH IR			
3	MAY DESCRIBE SMALL LAKE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS	AR N			
4	IT'S OFTEN LOT OF VETERAN PLAYER TO BE BEATEN BECAUSE OF	RUS			
5	GOOD RANGE ENABLES COUPLE TO VARY THEIR	D ET			
6	IT'S NOT SURPRISING THAT PEOPLE DO THIS ON A RANGE	IRE			
7	YOU MAY CAUSE A DISAGREE WHEN YOU DO THIS	WIN OW			
8	MANY GARDENERS LIKE TO HAVE ONE IN THEIR GARDEN	DI			
9	YOU GENERALLY GET THESE IN WOOD	UTS			
10	PROSECUTING COUNSEL'S PREPARED TO SWEAT WHEN LOOKS FROM ACCUSED	BLA K			
11	IF SMUGGLERS CAN OPERATE WITH IMPUDITY THEY'LL PROBABLY	ROW			
12	CAN BE PRETTY ROUGH ON A MAN	FI T			
13	SMALL BUILDING IN DUSTY INDUSTRIAL TOWN OFTEN BECOMES THIS	BL CK			
14	INTRODUCTION OF COARSE GRAIN MAY MAKE THIS MORE USEFUL	BRE D			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated July 2.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JUNE 21

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

332

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of Tournament £500, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest, to appear in "John Bull" dated July 10, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

INCREASED FIRST and 1,131 OTHER PRIZES!

"BULLETS" AWARDS VALUE OVER £200

1ST PRIZE £75

1,126 MORE PRIZES FOR RUNNERS-UP

6 of £5 4 of £3 20 of £2 100 New 3in1 PRIZES 1,000 MERIT AWARDS

6 of 30/- 20 of 10/-

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, July 2.

VICTORY'S HARVEST
WHAT'S HAPPENING
DEMOCRACY v. DICTATORSHIP
WITH US
DOCTOR GOEBBELS
RUDE SHOCK
ONE FALSE STEP AND
IN RUINS
COMPULSORY
GONE IN A FLASH

BULLETS 1,376 RESULT appears on page 14.

REAL COMRADESHIP
SALOON-BAR STRATEGIST
WHEN IT'S TOO LATE
UNDER A CLOUD
OPPORTUNITY KNOCKED, BUT
IN THE RANKS
WHILE YOU WAIT
HE'S BEEN FIGHTING, SO
LIKE AN INFERNO
GRANDPA'S TRICYCLE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

ON THE.....FRONT
WHEN THE.....CALLS
MAN FROM THE.....
HE LOST HIS.....AND
HEADING FOR.....
NOW WE'VE A.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated July 3.

P.O. Value.....
No.....
Closing Postmark, 1,380 Monday, June 21

Signed.....
Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,380—or Xword No. 332, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Germolene
ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Will— HEAL IT -Clean!

Germolene Heals, Cleanses, ends Irritation instantly and Soothes at a touch. This splendid ointment is renowned for its beneficial effect in all cases of Eczema, Leg Trouble, Cuts, Burns, Wounds, Spring Rash and many other Skin Troubles. Always have a tin in the house ready for emergencies.

Sold Everywhere 1/4 & 3/3 Per Tin

CAPENSIS
GUARANTEED 100% PURE
EXTRA SOFT

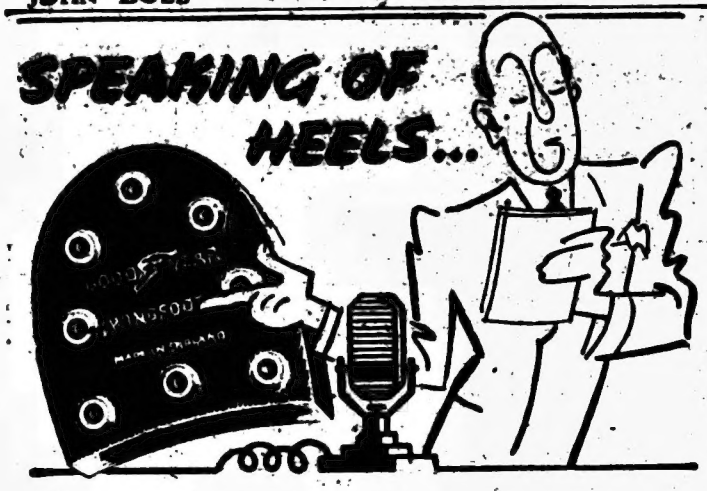
The BIG TOILET ROLL for the THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock

Maximum Controlled Price 8½d. per roll

Flatulence?

SUDDEN, stabbing pains round the heart are alarming—but they are probably caused by flatulence which distends the stomach so that it presses on the heart. The *real* cause of the pain and palpitation is excess acid, which ferments food and burdens your stomach with gases and wind. Enjoy your meals without painful after-effects by taking a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It will give immediate relief by neutralising the excess acid, dispelling wind and allowing your digestive organs to extract maximum nourishment from your food. Prices, 7d. to 2/10 (Inc. Pur. Tax).



you should know this...

The serious rubber shortage dictates that no heel may be made today except of *regenerated* rubber. Naturally, this includes Goodyear Heels—but it does not mean that all heels are the same. Look at it this way: Goodyear, the largest producer of rubber products in the world, are still able to bring to bear in heel manufacture all their vast skill, experience and resources. The result is inevitably a miracle of fine quality in wartime . . . . heels which promise you *the utmost economy and satisfaction* it is possible to obtain. Ask your repairer to fit Goodyear Heels!

GOODYEAR

War stoppers!

Every screw stopper from beer or similar bottles contains rubber, even apart from its rubber ring. Millions of these stoppers are wasted every year and yet rubber is a vital necessity of war. Every stopper replaced in an empty bottle and returned promptly to the supplier saves the need for a new one.

What do I do...?

I always put this

back in the bottle!

Issued by the Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

IT'S THE MOTH GRUB THAT DOES THE DAMAGE

WOOLLEN clothes, carpets, blankets, furs—the things that are most difficult to replace—are the things moths damage most. At this time of the year they are always about, so take good care you are not caught napping.

Remember, that it is the grub, not the moth itself, that does the damage. Hatching out from almost invisible eggs laid in any dark folds, the tiny larvae eat away precious fabrics just as a caterpillar eats away a cabbage leaf. *But sunshine and air will rid you of the menace.*

AIR EVERYTHING not in constant use every two or three weeks. Choose a sunny day and beat and brush your things thoroughly in the fresh air.

GO HUNTING in pockets and under coat collars for signs of moth—these are favourite haunts, so it's wise to go over your things almost inch by inch.

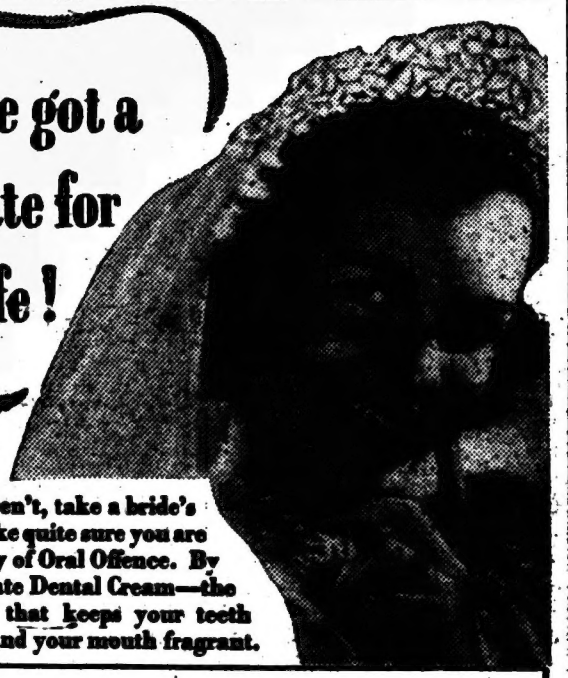
DON'T PUT AWAY garments that need cleaning—moths love dirt and always go first for any soiled spots.

PRESS WITH A HOT IRON over a damp cloth where airing is difficult or the things are too heavy to move. This is specially recommended for carpets.

CLOTHES CUPBOARDS should be kept well scrubbed, particularly in the corners, where dust collects.

Moths dislike being disturbed

I've got a date for Life!



If *you* haven't, take a bride's advice. Make quite sure you are never guilty of Oral Offence. By using Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that keeps your teeth sparkling and your mouth fragrant.

Oral Offence, the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth spotless. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence—instantly!*

USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY

The largest tube at the price. 1/1—*Including Tax*

RIDE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

. . . . both hands free for steering or signalling. Ease with safety, in and out of traffic. A simple backward pressure *with the foot* and you brake SAFELY in a second.

No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

PERRY
COASTER
BRAKE HUB

FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

Please apply to your dealer or factor.

for natural pedalling

Services' Tributes to 'ASPRO'

Sirs, STOCKBRIDGE, Hants
We are constant users of your product which I have found invaluable for rheumatic pains. I was torpedoed early in the war and spent a night clinging wet through to a raft hence I am never without my 'ASPRO'.
Yours truly
F.(Lt.Commdr.R.N.R.)

Dear Sirs, Please allow me to express my gratitude to 'ASPRO'. Lucky they are on sale here. I simply swear by them and I can assure anyone from personal experience that they are perfectly safe. I take dozens and they have never done me anything but good.
A.P.B., Lt.R.N.R.

From a R.Q.M.S on Active Service

Naval Officer helped

Dear Sirs, - For quite a long time I had been suffering from very severe headaches. A mate of mine suggested 'ASPRO' so whenever I had an attack I took them. After a very short time I was completely free from these headaches. R.G.M.(Fleet Air Arm).

'ASPRO' does not harm the Heart or cause Gastric upset—it is not habit forming

MADE BY ASPRO LIMITED, SLOUGH, BUCKS.

ASPRO PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3½ 6½ 13½

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